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THE NEW REPUBLIC

NOV 12 1985

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

TEA, PLEASE

It strikes without warning—the disease that every year turns thousands of formerly normal Americans into mental cripples, willing to spend vast sums and travel thousands of miles for a fix. On Sunday evenings, an eerie quiet descends on upper-middle-class neighborhoods throughout the land as millions indulge their shameful habit. One of our nation's most cosmopolitan cities is now so thoroughly in the grip of this illness and its dreadful symptoms that healthy citizens from the rest of the country are staying away for fear of being infected.

The disease is Anglophilia. Washington used to be a carefree town where the natives, in their colorful gray pinstripe costumes, whiled away the days forming PACs, holding hearings, and issuing press releases. Now they drink tea, don their Burberrys, and queue up in the rain to see "Treasure Houses of Great Britain" at the National Gallery.

Despite the reassurances of so-called experts that Anglophilia cannot be spread through casual contact, we all know cases of people who've returned from a ten-day American Express bus tour swathed in tweed, sporting watch fobs, and nattering on about their "shedjool." But these symptoms often clear up under an intense regimen of merciless ridicule. Lesser manifestations of the disease, such as a weakness for royalty, are widespread in the general population, many of whom have never even been to Canada. While there is no known cure for this, doctors believe it is essentially benign. Far more intractable and worrisome are the insatiable cravings for British scenery, British conversation, British journalism and theater—in the most extreme and pathetic cases, even British cooking—that develop among Americans who live in England for any extended period of time. In my own experience, this virulent form of the disease strikes after about six months of exposure.

The current hysteria over the visit of Prince Charles and Princess Di is less a matter of Anglophilia than of simple celebrity. If a celebrity is defined as someone who is famous just for being famous, then Britain's pea-brained royals are in some ways the original celebrities of the English-speaking world. For generations, their sole function in life has been to attract attention and admiration.

Today the worldwide celebrity machine has grown beyond anyone's control, let alone that of the British royal family, but they remain the ideal grist. *USA Today* recently devoted an entire page (the Gannett equivalent of a six-volume treatise) to questions and answers about Charles and Di. *Newsweek* managed to be scurrilous and sycophantic at the same time by running Diana on the cover, titling the story "Beyond the Fairy Tale," and promoting it on the contents page with this wonderfully hypocritical sentence: "The gossip, which invariably casts Diana (left) as the heavy whose capricious moods have supposedly alienated an increasingly eccentric and subdued Prince Charles, is both inevitable and unseemly." This approach is actually in the great tradition of British journalism, which often strikes a posture of: "Shame on those who say Princess Margaret is having an affair (Pictures on page three)."

One level more alarming than royalty mania is the Anglophilia of "Masterpiece Theatre," in which "Britain becomes a sort of theme park, populated by epicene poets, irascible noblemen, loyal retainers, stiff-upper-lipped soldiers, eccentric authors and likable drunks," writes a likable Brit of my acquaintance in a recent issue of *Harper's Bazaar*. Alistair Cooke is the idealized Briton to many Americans, who would be amazed to learn that he is the idealized American to many Brits. He has developed the perfect mid-Atlantic accent, which sounds British to the audience of PBS and American to the audience of the BBC, to whom he's been broadcasting a "letter from America" for decades. He always self-consciously says "we" when talking of the United States.

From "Masterpiece Theatre," it is only a short step to cream teas, sherry, subscribing to the *Economist*, touring stately homes, buying marmalade from Crabtree & Evelyn, and taking baths instead of showers. The *Economist* makes the whole world seem like a theme park, where statesmen frolic for the amusement of a wry detached observer who understands them far better than they understand themselves. American editorial writers (even TNR's) tend to favor the furrowed-brow approach: "There are no easy answers to this complicated and deeply troubling question," etc., etc. For the *Economist*, any fool can see that "the following three steps must be taken immediately." I like to think the writer sat down at his typewriter and decided there should be three steps before he decided what they were, or even perhaps what problem they were intended to address.

Of course even the most recidivist American Anglophile recognizes that "Masterpiece Theatre" and stately homes—and even the *Economist*'s brisk self-confidence—are artifacts of an England that doesn't exist anymore. That's why the most crippling and incurable form of Anglophilia is the one that wallows, not in England's former greatness, but in her current decline: the endearing shabbiness, the comfortable atmosphere of resignation. The bitter wit of *Private Eye*, Britain's satire and gossip magazine that makes American journalism seem paralyzed by gentility, and the jaunty undertones of self-mockery and unseriousness that run through the *Spectator*, Britain's leading political and literary journal, are products of a decadent civilization that I find irresistible.

Doctor, is there any promise of a cure? The French are rumored to be far ahead of us in research in this field. But the best therapy at this point is a stable maintenance program consisting of three hours a week of public broadcasting, semiannual visits to the scepter'd isle, and a large Stilton cheese at Christmastime. When you actually start hanging around with likable British drunks (and not bathing at all) medical science considers you beyond hope.

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While we must do everything we can to help *prevent* unwanted pregnancy, we must also preserve the option of safe, legal abortion. A teenage girl shouldn't be forced to become a mother if she's not ready.

But there's an increasingly vocal and violent minority that disagrees. They want to outlaw abortions for all women, regardless of circumstances. Even if her life or health is endangered by a pregnancy. Even if she is a victim of rape or incest. And even if she is too young to be a mother.

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CORRESPONDENCE

UNSWERVING SANCTIONS

To the editors:

In Gregory A. Fossedal's article "Sanctions for Beginners" (October 21), he states: "In one week in December 1982, Daniel Patrick Moynihan called for sanctions against the [Soviet natural gas] pipeline, then, days later, told the 'Today' show that the sanctions would 'have little impact' and complained that 'the United States should have gone to the United Nations' first."

May I give a fuller account of the event? On December 13, 1981 (not 1982), Solidarity's leaders were arrested and Soviet-sponsored repression in Poland commenced. On December 15, I introduced, and the Senate adopted 95 to zero, a resolution calling for the president to "develop a concerted and sustained response." Subsequently, I said that this response should certainly include economic sanctions. But these seemed to me only subsidiary parts of a larger policy. I wrote in a newsletter to New Yorkers on December 26: "When news of the military repression of Poland arrived in Washington, the United States should have gone to the United Nations Security Council and declared that so massive a violation of human rights, so patent an intervention by one nation in the affairs of another, was a threat to international peace and security and must be condemned. As I write, the Administration has decided not to do this. . . ."

On December 29 the administration imposed certain sanctions against Poland and the Soviet Union. On December 30, I said in an interview on the "Today" show that the administration was right to have done this, but that sanctions alone would be "limited in their effect." I urged that the U.S. persist in larger measures, and do so in the Security Council.

My position may have been wrong, but it was not inconsistent.

DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN
U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

WORLD YOUTH FEST, CONT'D

To the editors:

As the fact-finding representative of a U.S. senator to the 12th World Festival of Youth and Students in Moscow this summer, I beg to differ with Julian Epstein's characterization of Harvey Klehr and Ronald Radosh's article ("Redfest '85," August 12&19) as an embodiment of "a naïveté of cynicism and suspicion" toward the Soviet Union (Correspondence, October 7).

Without a doubt, this Communist-controlled propaganda extravaganza was staged to promote the foreign policy line of the Kremlin. For example, delegates had ample opportunity to participate in rallies "against U.S. imperialism [and] its political intervention," to condemn "all policies of Zionism, which are responsible for genocide, aggression, expansion, occupation, annexation, settlement, racial discrimination, [and] economic and cultural deprivation," or to chant for "the Palestinian people struggling under the leadership of the PLO, its sole and legitimate representative."

Needless to say, after such excitement, one might hardly have had the time or energy to denounce the "one-sided" American space weapons research, cheer wildly for "the victory of the Vietnamese people in the anti-imperialist struggle," or chat with delegates from the great nations of "West Berlin" and "Palestine."

Mr. Epstein further claims that "to the extent that issues were discussed at the festival, Afghanistan was examined in its entire complexity." Poppycock. Certainly one had the "opportunity" to express personal viewpoints at the dozens of panels, forums, and rallies held during the festival. Nevertheless, as became clear to me by the end of the first day, any attempt to criticize Soviet aggression or human rights violations was met with vociferous denunciations by most if not virtually all fellow delegates.

Some of the self-appointed leaders of the U.S. delegation officially presented the Afghan youth leadership with a dart board on which the president's photograph had been affixed. Many of these same Americans refused to join some of us in singing our national anthem.

ADAM J. AUGUSTYNSHI
Cambridge, Massachusetts

BARRY AND BIGOTRY

To the editors:

It seems strange that M.P. (Washington Diarist, October 7) judges Marion Barry's criticism of Louis Farrakhan and my comment following that speech solely on a very shoddy story from—what else—the *Washington Post*. Indeed, if all Barry said was what was reported in the *Post*, my congratulatory remark might have seemed out of place.

Here are Mayor Barry's unreported remarks to Louis Farrakhan's Washington speech: ". . . some things go too far. Some speeches divide rather than bring us together. Some actions bring about deep divisions in our community. . . . I cannot say too strongly that I deplore any message of hatred, bigotry, and intolerance which finds public expression in our city. . . . When such language, however, inflames and exploits tensions between the residents of our community, I as mayor feel obligated to censure it because it mocks the very tolerance which makes it possible. It destroys mutual understanding and respect. Finally, it encourages group hatred. . . ."

I am no apologist for Marion Barry. It is true that the Jewish Community of Greater Washington would have much preferred to hear the mayor give this speech immediately after the Farrakhan speech. Once given, however, it was not "weaselly distancing," as Peretz described it. The speech was given to a racially mixed, interfaith assembly that included, unexpectedly, a number of members of the Nation of Islam. Barry not only held his own in response to some of the hostile challenges from the Nation of Islam, but succeeded in eliciting forceful condemnations of Farrakhan by leading black clergy in attendance.

In the seven weeks it took for the mayor to speak out on Farrakhan, the Jewish community learned how reticent some black leaders are to criticize any other black figure in the public eye no matter how repugnant might be the views that that individual represents. It gives one pause to consider how much energy Jewish leaders should be giving to encouraging black condemnations of Farrakhan.

SIDNEY H. SCHWARZ
Executive Director
Jewish Community Council
of Greater Washington

M.P. replies:

Rabbi Schwarz does not remind us that

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
NOVEMBER 25, 1985

CARRYING FRIENDSHIP TOO FAR

The Ayatollah Khomeini and Muammar al-Qaddafi are probably the heads of state whom the world would least like to see with their fingers poised at the nuclear button. Neither man has the bomb but both are scheming to get their hands on the technology. If they succeed, it may well be thanks to the reckless nuclear export policy of the People's Republic of China—and perhaps even to the reckless export policy of the Reagan administration. In the name of Sino-American rapprochement, we are about to embark on a 30-year Agreement for Nuclear Cooperation with the most egregious proliferator in the history of the atomic age.

The most likely setting for nuclear war is not the Black Hills of Dakota or Siberia or even Europe, but the Third World. Clearly, then, our best means of averting nuclear holocaust lies in preventing the spread of atomic weapons to smaller, less responsible countries. Yet the Reagan administration's proposed agreement with China is not the first time an American president transcended our outspoken verbal commitment to nonproliferation for financial and geopolitical gains. In 1980 President Carter waived the Nuclear Nonproliferation Act in order to provide India with nuclear fuel deliveries, and three years later Reagan circumvented the same statute by designating France as a surrogate supplier. Now we seem on the verge of an even greater folly.

A number of considerations have converged to produce the China agreement. One prime impetus has been the woes of the American nuclear power industry, which hasn't sold a single reactor in the United States since 1975. China's budding energy program, with its call for six foreign-supplied reactors by the year 2000, offers Westinghouse and its cohorts a potential seven-billion-dollar market. Also working in favor of the agreement is the current frustration over the trade deficit. Few in Congress can resist the lure of a possible ten-figure sale. Perhaps most important, the administration sees the agreement as a way to secure further strategic ties to China.

No one doubts that selling nuclear power reactors to China would serve all of these valid goals. But almost everybody who has carefully examined the text of this agreement recognizes that it is poorly worded and courts catastrophe. At the moment five countries—the U.S., USSR, Britain, France, and China—admit to possessing nuclear weapons. Two others, India and Israel, are widely suspected of having joined the club. Three of the five weapons states and 125 non-weapons states have signed the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty, which includes a list of procedures for verifying the strictly peaceful use of any nuclear export to a non-weapons state.

China has persistently refused to ratify the Nonproliferation Treaty or to follow its recommended safeguards. Until just last year, China's official pronouncements actually declared that nuclear proliferation was a worthwhile enterprise serving to erode U.S.-Soviet nuclear hegemony. "So long as the imperialists refuse to ban nuclear weapons," the Chinese government once declared, "the greater the number of socialist countries possessing them, the better the guarantee of world peace." With this policy China established itself as the National Rifle Association of nuclear matters. Since 1980 U.S. intelligence sources have reported several Chinese shipments of nuclear materials to Argentina, India, and South Africa, whose nuclear ambitions are well established.

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China's most egregious breach of the nonproliferation ethic is its collaboration with the nuclear program of neighboring Pakistan. In exchange for permission to study Pakistan's enrichment techniques, the Chinese reportedly have provided design information on a bomb already successfully tested in China. Intelligence documents indicate that Chinese technological assistance since at least 1980 has brought Pakistan within two years of possessing its own small nuclear arsenal. And since Libya's oil revenues have helped support the Pakistani program, the CIA fears that Pakistan may be obliged to share its technology with Qaddafi.

Supporters of the agreement acknowledge China's poor nuclear record. But they insist that Beijing's behavior has changed. In 1983 China signed on as a member of the International Atomic Energy Agency, ending a 30-year boycott. In January 1984 Premier Zhao Ziyang declared before a White House audience, "We do not engage in nuclear proliferation ourselves, nor do we help other countries develop nuclear weapons."

America's 1978 Nonproliferation Act sensibly requires more than just amiable after-dinner words. The law demands a "guaranty" of safeguards on U.S. nuclear shipments to any country as well as American consent to any retransfer of technology or enrichment or reprocessing of fuel supplied by us. The guarantee is essential because any of these procedures can lead to the distillation of nuclear explosive materials.

THE AGREEMENT with China, however, provides no safeguarding mechanism other than "mutually acceptable arrangements for exchanges of information and visits" to be clarified at some point in the future through "diplomatic channels." If China decides to enrich or reprocess U.S.-supplied nuclear fuel, we are required "to consider such activities favorably" while holding "consultations to agree on mutually acceptable arrangements."

Despite these glaring loopholes, Kenneth Adelman, the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, has asserted that the nebulous "exchanges of information and visits" clause is "adequate to provide confidence against the misuse of any items subject to the proposed agreement." Similarly, in lieu of formal consent rights over retransfer, enrichment, or reprocessing, Adelman accepted China's private pledge that it has "no plan to undertake reprocessing of spent fuel from power reactors for at least 15 years." Adelman also claims that "the prospect of the proposed agreement played an important role in bringing about this evolving attitude [toward nonproliferation] on the part of China." The logic seems to be: what we can't get the Chinese to concede publicly, we can expect them to concede privately on the basis of their newfound commitment to nonproliferation. Contrary to the available evidence, Reagan officials insist that an admittedly tainted trading partner is inching toward reform and that our surest means of encouraging this process is through further commercial involvement. This sounds like "constructive engagement" with South Africa.

As with the putative reforms of the Botha regime, China's purported spiritual rebirth is at best a tenuous, begrudging concession, at worst a calculated charade. For starters, despite Zhao's White House dinner toast, there's good reason to believe that China's fundamental attitude toward the merits of proliferation hasn't changed. In July 1985, long after Chinese envoys had begun to project a more conciliatory tone to their American audiences, Vice Chairman Zhou Peiyuan of the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference told the Brazilian press that Third World nations should develop nuclear energy technology "if they feel the need to have it for peaceful purposes" as a means of "breaking the monopoly of the two superpowers: the Soviet Union and the United States." According to a CIA translation of the Brazilian report, Zhou defended China's initial atomic explosion "as a way of breaking the nuclear monopoly." This sort of talk purposely muddles the vital distinction between nuclear power and nuclear destructive power in the hope of breaking a U.S.-Soviet "monopoly."

Nor are current Chinese nuclear export practices much different from those of the past. After the initialing of the agreement in April 1984, the State Department was forced to reopen negotiations with the Chinese to clarify their commitment to nonproliferation. It seems that after Chinese negotiators had renounced assistance to "outlaw" states—those with secret, weapons-oriented nuclear development programs—Chinese technicians were discovered at Pakistan's top secret nuclear facility. By July of this year, U.S. intelligence had satisfied itself that the Chinese were gone from Pakistan, and Reagan signed the agreement. But since then reports have surfaced in the intelligence community that China has continued its nuclear exports to South Africa and Argentina and, even more disturbing, that it has engaged an Iranian envoy in serious discussions over the export of sensitive nuclear technology once the U.S. cooperation pact is secured. China has held meetings with Iranian representatives in both Beijing and Tehran to discuss terms for the sale of nuclear-capable surface-to-surface missiles. Agence France-Presse reported on October 23 that the talks were "progressing rapidly."

SINCE the inauguration of the International Atomic Energy Agency two decades ago, every nuclear power agreement signed by the U.S. has contained a safeguards requirement. Yet in his official assessment of the China deal, ACDA director Adelman pleaded that "the United States did seek Chinese acceptance of IAEA safeguards on U.S. supply under the agreement, but the Chinese adamantly refused." Why cave in to China's refusal? The argument is that since China is a nuclear weapons state, IAEA safeguards aren't strictly required by law. This is true. It's also true that the "exchange of information and visits" provision isn't much of a safeguard in any sense of the word. Obviously the U.S. negotiators were willing to sacrifice the spirit of American nonproliferation law as long as the appearance of legality was maintained. They

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made such concessions because, as the language of the final document illustrates, proliferation was the least of their concerns.

The State Department and its allies insist that the negotiators made no such concessions. They argue that despite the text of the agreement, they have obtained private assurances from the Chinese that Beijing will cooperate with unwritten American expectations. In particular the chief American negotiator, Special Ambassador Richard T. Kennedy, has prepared a classified "Summary of Discussions," in which he asserts that the Chinese have provided further pledges to reform their nuclear export policies. Touting these unwritten, unofficial assurances, he claims that the China pact would not compromise our vigilance against the spread of nuclear weapons. A number of representatives believe he is bluffing.

Fortunately there is a way to call the bluff. Senators John Glenn and Bill Roth, along with their colleagues in the House, have introduced measures to clarify the ambiguous passages of the agreement. The Glenn-Roth bill simply articulates the State Department's professed interpretations of these passages as official U.S. policy and requires the president to certify that the Chinese accept these interpretations before the licensing of any nuclear exports. It mandates specific safeguards and frees us from any obligation to yield to China's discretion. It requires China to issue a "written, detailed statement of its nonproliferation policies," and reaffirms our understanding that the agreement is subject to U.S. export laws. Since the bill does no more than bind both countries publicly to the commitments purportedly secured in private by the State Department, there is no apparent reason to oppose it.

The real threat of the Glenn-Roth proposal is not, as the State Department claims, that it will "gut the agreement" but that, quite the contrary, it will put guts into it. It may, as some officials protest, demand a degree of strictness to which the Chinese will never submit. These officials may be right. If so, the world is better off without this deal.

NOTEBOOK

□ CULTURAL IMPERIALISM: At a meeting of the Inter-American Indian Congress in Santa Fe early this month, 800 Indian leaders from North and South America gathered with scholars of Indian affairs to deplore violations of human rights and threats to native cultures by white people. Maximo Amadio, a specialist on the Shuar Indians of the Amazon, complained that government officials and missionaries had compelled the Shuars to stop the practice of head-hunting "because it was not civilized." According to the *Boston Globe*, Amadio said the tribe traditionally had shrunk the heads of its victims, displayed them on the roofs of their huts, and then buried the heads in the earth. Head-hunting, he said, was an integral part of their religious life and their understanding of agricultural cycles. Now the Shuar culture is disintegrating. "When they stopped head-hunting, they lost everything." Just as the subcontinental Indians lost everything when the white man forced them to stop burning widows.

□ CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION:

There's Life Left in the Old Consumer Yet

"At some point a slowdown [in consumer spending] seems sure to materialize, but many analysts figure the time is not yet. . . . although some [consumers] surely are over their heads in debt, by and large they're not in bad shape."

—The *Wall Street Journal*, October 22, page 31

After Three-Year Spending Binge, Consumers Seem to Be Exhausted

—The *Wall Street Journal*, same day, page 33

□ TAX-REFORM WATCH: The federal estate tax has been virtually eliminated for all but the unbelievably wealthy during the Reagan years. But a special levy has survived that is designed to curtail a classic tax-avoidance device called the "generation-skipping trust." The idea is to avoid a generation of estate taxes by passing assets on to grandchildren, while retaining effective control in the hands of the children. The Reagan administration's tax-reform proposal contained various complex changes in this tax that, overall, actually would make it tougher. The House Ways and Means Committee voted 24 to 11, with Chairman Dan Rostenkowski in the majority, to drastically curtail it. Brooks Jackson and Jeffrey Birnbaum report in the *Wall Street Journal* that this change was engineered for the benefit of the Gallo wine family, which is blessed with both lots of money ($600 million, according to the 1985 *Forbes* 400) and many grandchildren. Under Reagan's proposal, the Gallos would be able to pass on a mere four million dollars tax-free. Under the Ways and Means rule, this loophole alone will mean they won't pay a nickel on the first $84 million. The Gallo amendment was introduced by Democrat Edgar Jenkins of Georgia and closely supervised by Tony Coelho, the Gallos' congressman and also the Democrats' biggest congressional fund-raiser, both looking out for the little guy in the tradition of their party.

□ OUT OF TOUCH, CONTINUED: Jefferson Morley's article criticizing a recent poll purporting to show that black leaders are "out of touch" ("Who's 'Out Of Touch'?" November 4) has stirred up a small hornet's nest. Next week we will publish replies by the pollster, Dr. Linda Lichter, and the board of *Public Opinion* (a journal of the American Enterprise Institute), where the poll was published. By coincidence, though, we note that another widely cited poll by Lichter and her husband, Robert Lichter, co-

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directors of the Center for Media and Public Affairs, along with Stanley Rothman, a professor at Smith, has come under attack in the November-December issue of *Columbia Journalism Review*. This poll purports to demonstrate a left-wing bias among members of the media elite. Herbert Gans, professor of sociology at Columbia, charges the pollsters with several kinds of bias and shoddy technique. For example, one of their most seemingly ominous conclusions is that 68 percent of journalists favor income redistribution. In fact, the poll asked journalists to agree or disagree with the statement, "The government should work to substantially reduce the income gap between the rich and the poor." As Gans points out, "This says nothing about income redistribution and could mean such policies as compensatory education, full employment, or better health care. . . . Indeed, the statement is so vague that the normal journalist, who like any other survey respondent wants to appear as a decent human being to the interviewer, is apt to agree even if he or she is in fact opposed to income redistribution." When journalists and others were asked a similar question in a survey last April, half the journalists agreed, compared to *55 percent* of the public.

□ STARTING EARLY: The Future Farmers of America chapter at a high school in California collected $7,087 in federal farm subsidies last year, reports Ward Sinclair in the *Washington Post*. "This gives them experience," the faculty adviser explained. "They go out and get loans . . . just like the other farmers around here." (The rules allow you to default on the loans and keep the money.) Next, Future Welfare Mothers of America.

□ MORE FINANCIAL INSIGHTS:

Merrill Lynch, PaineWebber Report Profit Increased in the Latest Quarter

". . . Merrill Lynch reported that third-quarter earnings rose 54% to $38.4 million, or 38 cents a share, compared with operating earnings in the 'difficult period' a year ago."

—The *Wall Street Journal*, October 29

Merrill's Earnings Plunge 52%

". . . Net income fell to $38.4 million from $80 million in the third quarter of 1984. Weak stock market volume in the latest quarter hurt Merrill, just as at other brokerage houses."

—The *New York Times*, same day

□ CORRECTIONS: TRB reported two weeks ago that Norman Lear, the television producer, bought a company in 1981 for $25 million and sold it this year for $485 million. In fact, the company sold for $485 million included properties (such as the TV show "All in the Family") that Lear and his partner had developed over many years. Charles Krauthammer's collection of essays, newly published by Random House, is called *Cutting Edges: Making Sense of the 80's*. We got the subtitle wrong last week, but at least this gives us the excuse for another plug. Many of the articles originally appeared in TNR. Also, we neglected to mention that "Buds of Freedom" by Judith Shapiro and Liang Heng, in our issue of October 7, was based on a report for the Asia Watch Committee of the Fund for Free Expression.

THE PRESS

SECONDHAND GUILT

MORALISM, the bane of American foreign policy, though prevalent, rarely exists in pure form. So if you come across a textbook example of the tendency, and a mean-spirited one at that, it is worth examining. Anthony Lewis's *New York Times* column on October 31 is this week's lesson.

Lewis opposes U.S. aid to Jonas Savimbi and his UNITA guerrillas in Angola. There are many strategic, tactical, and yes, moral reasons why you might take such a position. You can be a pacifist. You can believe that in this particular civil war, justice is on the other side. You can believe that wherever justice lies, it is not the United States's business who wins, that we want no more foreign entanglements. Lewis cites none of these. He gives one reason: UNITA is supported by South Africa.

South Africa supports Savimbi because they share a common enemy. South Africa is fighting SWAPO guerrillas in Namibia, who are in turn supported by Angola and its 30,000 Cuban troops. A Luanda preoccupied with UNITA has less time and energy for SWAPO and Namibia. More generally, the stronger Angola, the stronger the challenge it poses to South African power in the region.

South Africa and UNITA share a common enemy. They do not share common goals. To believe they do is to believe an absurdity: that Savimbi, a lifelong black nationalist, supports apartheid. And Lewis does not say of UNITA (as is often said of the Nicaraguan *contras* relative to the U.S.) that it is a creation of South Africa, or that it is a South African front. He does not because he cannot. UNITA is an authentic guerrilla—national liberation, if you will—movement founded in 1966 to fight Portuguese colonialism. When Portugal left, Savimbi found himself in a civil war, won ultimately by a Soviet-supplied Marxist-Leninist party (the MPLA) backed by 7,000 to 10,000 Cuban troops. Having run out of more respectable allies (for ten years the United States, for example, was prohibited from helping Savimbi by the Clark Amendment, recently repealed), UNITA is receiving logistical support from South Africa. Savimbi has taken his help where he can get it.

The moralist need look no further. Moralism in foreign

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policy comes in two parts. The first is a theory of purity of means. A fundamental axiom is that clean hands are the overriding objective. All other objectives—freedom, justice, to say nothing of national interest—bow before it. Thus if a policy we undertake can be found to be objectively in South Africa's interest, ipso facto the policy is wrong. And anyone who supports that policy, even if he has no sympathy with South Africa, stands accused of having "endorsed one of Pretoria's main policy objectives," to quote Lewis.

Follow the logic. Must now Lewis, who waxes indignantly eloquent on the subject of Andrei Sakharov, not make the parallel case that, say, trade with the Soviet Union is immoral because East-West trade is "one of Moscow's main policy objectives"? In fact, South Africa has a host of policy objectives: trade with Mozambique, an Indian Ocean free of Soviet control, stable gold prices. Does support for these mean support for South Africa? Winning a war is, of course, a more serious objective. But it is still absurd to judge the morality of wars solely by the virtue of one's allies. By that standard, we should have withdrawn from World War II.

The moralist is not content with pointing out the right thing to do. He wants to show that he is no geopolitical fool. Accordingly, Lewis wants to show that the right thing is the smart thing. How to argue that abandoning a pro-Western resistance movement fighting a Soviet-Cuban satellite is in the West's interest? Enter part two of the moralist's foreign policy, its theory of action. Its central axiom is that the ultimate weapon in international conflict is argument. Better that Savimbi be destroyed than to risk it being said (by Lewis, among others: the logic has nice circularity) that the U.S. is "fundamentally in tune with Pretoria."

Moreover, continues Lewis, we tend to think that South Africa, which repeatedly has invaded Angola, wants Cuba out. Not so. It's a ruse. Botha "wants them to stay. They provide living proof of his devil theory that Communism lies behind all unrest in South Africa and its environs."

NOW, in Harvard Square it probably is more important to be able to make an argument than to win a war. You see, if the Cubans and Russians don't leave, "then, Mr. Botha may hope, he will be able to present the struggle in his own country not as one for racial justice that it is, but as part of the East-West conflict." He will have "lost" Angola, and probably Namibia, too. But he will do better on "Nightline." Lewis has never been accused of being Clausewitzian, but this is ridiculous.

Beyond the geopolitical nonsense, there is something particularly annoying about Lewis's style of moralism. It's one thing to be a moralist; it's another to be a mean-spirited one. And there is nothing more mean-spirited than his attack on those who support giving U.S. aid to UNITA as "Marching for Pretoria." Jack Kemp, who with Claude Pepper introduced the bill for U.S. aid to UNITA, stands accused of having decided "to come on as an ally of P. W. Botha." Lewis asks mockingly of Kemp, "Is he planning to run with the Rev. Jerry Falwell on an all-apartheid ticket?"

This is guilt by association of the most malicious kind. When the right does it, it is correctly called McCarthyism.

Kemp believes, as I do, that Savimbi is fighting in Luanda a typically oppressive, typically corrupt, and typically bankrupt Leninist regime, propped up solely by a Soviet foreign legion of Cubans. Lewis cannot even argue, as he would like to, that the guerrillas are not authentically popular. Savimbi is. At the time of the scheduled post-independence election of 1975, independent observers of the region believed that Savimbi would have won. The election was never held, because after Cuba tipped the war to the MPLA, it concluded, as Leninists invariably do, that elections were unnecessary.

To tar American supporters of aid to UNITA, Lewis accuses them of backing apartheid. Let's apply his logic.

(a) Representative Stephen Solarz, an impeccably liberal Democrat, has decided in favor of genocide: he supports American aid to Son Sann, the respected leader of the noncommunist opposition in Cambodia, and Son Sann is allied with Pol Pot and his genocidal Khmer Rouge. Son Sann stands in even closer relation to Pol Pot than Savimbi does to Botha. The Cambodians are formal allies, sharing a U.N. seat.

(b) The vast majority of Congress supports the Afghan guerrillas. So does Lewis. One of the Afghan guerrillas' strongest allies is Khomeini's Iran. They are "marching for Tehran."

And finally, (c): Like Lewis, Moscow and Havana oppose U.S. aid to Savimbi. Let us transpose: Why is Lewis "endorsing one of Moscow's main policy objectives"? He has decided "to come on as an ally of F. Castro. Is he planning to run with Angela Davis on an all-Communist ticket?"

McCarthyism is a two-way street.

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

POSTCARD EAST GERMANY

DON'T PANIC

Leipzig

IN THE CENTER of this bustling commercial city, the second-largest in the German Democratic Republic, stands a 27-story monument to conspicuous consumption. The swank Hotel Merkur, built in 1981 by the Kajima Corporation of Japan, is a measure of just how little 40 years of communist rule here has done to eliminate capitalist-style disparities of wealth and

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privilege. In addition to housing visitors to Leipzig's famous semiannual trade fairs, the Merkur gives the local elite a place to enjoy a sauna, a dip in the pool, or a meal in one of three gourmet restaurants (French, German, or Japanese). Its shops sell expensive antiques, sophisticated electronics, and numerous Western consumer goods (including much sought-after Western newspapers). The hotel does not accept East German marks—only Western currencies, or special "Forumchecks" available to GDR officials. At the prevailing black-market rates, a meal for two in the Japanese restaurant would cost an East German factory worker about two weeks' salary.

Only a few blocks from the Merkur begins the old Leipzig industrial quarter of Gohlis. Here, in gritty streets lined with shabby, factory-issue shops, it seems that nothing has changed—or been repaired—since before the war. Fifty-year-old plaster peels off the buildings to reveal ugly scabs of brick, and faded prewar signs can still be seen over many doorways. Stairwells are ill-lit and dirty, and in many, prominent notices warn the tenants to beware of gas leaks. It is common to see black-faced workers hauling huge baskets of coal into those houses where the gas has been cut off, or was never hooked up to start with. The smell of burning coal pervades the neighborhood, as it pervades so much of Eastern Europe.

CURIOUSLY, Leipzig's decay can be traced in large part to its wartime good fortune. Between 1942 and 1945 the American and British air forces leveled most large German cities. They destroyed 85 percent of the buildings in Berlin, and even more in Dresden. In comparison, Leipzig got off lightly. But after the war, an East German government already hard-pressed to rebuild other cities lacked the resources to do much for this old Saxon town, and certainly not to renovate or modernize much outside the city center.

Yet if the years of neglect have left Leipzig looking singularly run-down, they have also left it looking singularly German. In neighborhoods like Gohlis, visitors can see a Germany that has largely disappeared in the shiny, high-tech Federal Republic. The straight, stern, coal-blackened facades of the houses, free of paint and posters and graffiti, might have materialized out of a photo from the 1920s. The streets still belong more to the clanking trams than to East Germany's version of the Volkswagen—the squat, tiny Trabants, which account for at least half of the cars on the street. In the side streets, a surprisingly large number of small private shops (many selling spare parts for the short-lived Trabants) provide a faint echo of Leipzig's imposing commercial past.

This is not to say that Leipzig has resisted all changes since the war. To the contrary. Every few blocks in Gohlis, a faded red banner reminds the population of the need for "HIGH ACHIEVEMENTS AS WE MOVE FORWARD TO THE ELEVENTH PARTY CONGRESS"; or "THE STRONGER SOCIALISM IS, THE SAFER THE PEACE"; and most frequently: "LONG LIVE OUR BROTHERLY TIES TO THE SOVIET UNION." These same slogans, repeated endlessly in newspaper articles and in the TV news, leave a visitor feeling numb. After only two weeks in the GDR, they were coming to me naturally.

On Leipzig's main streets, a steady flow of Red Army jeeps and trucks demonstrates the strength of those brotherly ties. Meanwhile, the city's enormous turn-of-the-century department stores, though handsomely stocked by East European standards, strike a Western visitor as half empty. The gargantuan train station, still the largest in Europe, seems desolate. And the fairgrounds, a leading nexus for East-West trade, are dominated by a gaudy, hideously kitschy gold and white Soviet pavilion, built in the shape of a fortress and fronted by a 15-foot bust of Lenin. The foreign students studying at the Karl-Marx Universität include Vietnamese, Ethiopians, North Koreans (identifiable by their Kim II Sung buttons), Yemenis, Angolans, and a large number of Lebanese.

In some East German cities, the government has not only tolerated the "time machine" effect, but actively encouraged it. Weimar, the home of Goethe and Schiller, has been scrupulously preserved as a tourist attraction (catering primarily to West Germans, Czechs, and Rumanians). Its narrow cobbled streets and brightly painted houses and the lush countryside of outlying Thuringia all recall the German romantic period. Prussian Potsdam, with its tree-lined boulevards and the rococo palace of Sans Souci, bears the mark of Frederick the Great of Prussia and his attraction to France and the French Enlightenment. Only the large Soviet garrisons in both cities remind one that these former highlights of what was once known as "Central Europe" are now an irrevocable part of the "East."

DRESDEN, on the other hand, needs no reminders. Here, a very different chapter of Germany's past is on display. The Germans call it *Stunde Null*—zero hour, 1945. Incredibly, 40 years after the Nazi surrender, parts of Dresden's old town are still in ruins. The Protestant cathedral has been left as a heap of rubble on the Alt Markplatz (the government has preserved the ruins as a memorial), and most of the buildings of the old Saxon royal palace are bombed-out shells. The painstaking reconstruction of Dresden's most important buildings, carried out according to the original architects' designs wherever possible, has proceeded very slowly. The "Zwinger," the palace's central court and one of the most famous works of baroque architecture, was not finished until the 1960s. The gorgeous Semper Opera did not reopen until this year. As for the nearby downtown area near the railroad station, some visitors recall that as late as 1955 one could see clear from one side of it to another. Today it is a model of East European city planning. With its monolithic apartment complexes and cement plazas, it could just as easily be part of Warsaw or Zagreb. Walking along the river and looking up at the surviving baroque towers, one can see just enough to

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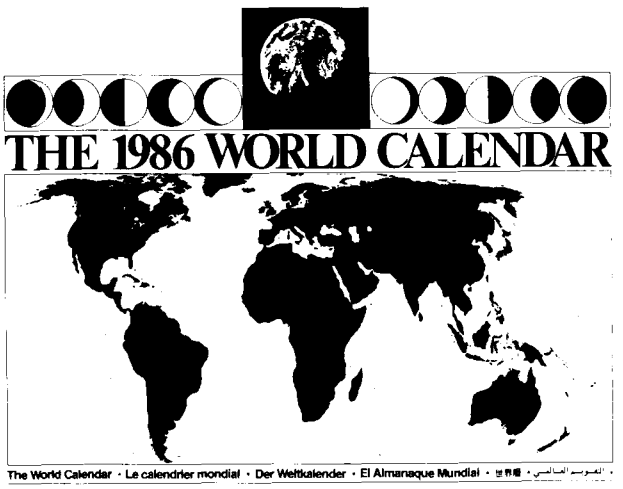
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understand why Dresden was once called the "Florence on the Elbe."

Needless to say, the authorities have everywhere tried to impose their own interpretations on the historical panorama. In Dresden it seems that every piece of rubble in the city bears a plaque reading "destroyed unnecessarily by Anglo-American bombs," or even "by Anglo-American air bandits." It isn't necessary to justify the bombing to point out that such plaques obscure the question of responsibility for the war. Some plaques also suggest that the Soviet Union opposed the bombing, when in fact Stalin supported and encouraged it. In Weimar, meanwhile, the government commits a different sin of omission. In April 1945, the city, the nearby Buchenwald concentration camp, and the surrounding area (indeed, nearly 40 percent of the present-day GDR) were liberated by the American army. In Buchenwald, however, the official literature states that the camp "liberated itself," and was then "occupied" by American troops who "promptly began to put a stop to anti-fascist activity."

For all its best attempts to rewrite history, the government occasionally lets a revealing fact slip through. In July 1945 the U.S. honored an agreement with the Soviet Union and withdrew from Weimar, which became part of the Soviet Occupation Zone, and in due course, of the GDR. According to the official East German literature, the citizens of the area ecstatically welcomed the change. But a poster on display in the Buchenwald camp tells a different story. Dated July 3, 1945, and signed by the mayor of Weimar, it does indeed hail the entrance of "the victorious Red Army" into the city. Three lines below, in smaller type, it continues: "There is no need for fear and panic."

DAVID A. BELL

David A. Bell, a former TNR reporter-researcher, is a graduate student in history at Princeton University.

The death spiral of the auto industry.

CAR BOMB

THE United Auto Workers' strike against Chrysler was settled on October 28, after only 12 days. Chrysler's 70,000 workers won equal pay with UAW members at Ford and G.M., which they gave up when the company was near bankruptcy. They also won $2,000 bonuses meant to compensate them for their past sacrifices, the continuation of cost-of-living protection, and the restoration of a three percent "improvement factor" above inflation in the third year of the contract. In addition, they preserved ossified work rules that divide the labor force into hundreds of exclusive job categories; the company would have preferred the flexibility of only five or six.

Chrysler got an end to the strike, which was costing a couple of million a day; a three-year contract (the union wanted two); and the right to continue to farm more and more work to nonunion subcontractors and—more important—overseas. As many have noted, the result is a 1970s contract. As such, it means more imports and down the road more calls for import protection. More disturbing, it is clear from the comments of analysts and experts that most have come to accept this death spiral of the U.S. auto industry, and perhaps of industrial America, as inevitable.

AND IT IS a death spiral. Automobiles, small trucks, and vehicle parts accounted for $36 billion of the U.S. trade deficit of $123 billion dollars in 1984. Only oil accounted for more, about $65 billion. The trade deficit in autos has risen dramatically since 1980, despite "voluntary" restraints on Japanese auto exports. In the third quarter of 1985, with those restraints eased, the U.S. trade deficit in this sector is running about 16 percent higher.

The companies and the UAW say that much is being done to restore the industry. The companies are investing billions in new plants. The workers "gave up" several dollars an hour in wage increases during the hard times a few years ago. What more could we ask of management and labor?

The answer is that the country has a right to ask for as much as it takes to get competitive and bring this trade deficit down. Auto workers make about $14.90 an hour including overtime. This is 57 percent more than the average industrial worker and 74 percent more than private employees generally. This doesn't include auto workers' very generous benefits. Large wage increases and $2,000 bonuses on top of this will not help to reduce the $36 billion trade deficit in this industry or save jobs, let alone make more and better jobs for working people who are much worse off than Chrysler workers were even before this settlement. The provocative $40 million in bonuses Lee Iacocca gave his managers earlier in the year was similarly inconsistent with saving the auto industry.

Something is dramatically wrong in U.S. industries like auto and steel, and the way the Chrysler-UAW accord was reached is an example of what it is. Huge investments are being made in this industry to lower costs. Lower costs should mean lower prices and more U.S. jobs. But we don't get lower prices and increased sales, which would reduce imports and increase job opportunities. Instead, efficiency gains bleed away into outrageous bonuses and even more costly wage packages. Workers, steeped in self-pity and indignation at "unfair" competition that union politics encourages, get "angry" about management bonuses, and so they demand and get a contract that hurts their own neighbors and their own children's prospects. Chrysler's Lee Iacocca and the UAW's Owen Bieber worry about their personal reputations as they battle each other,

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but it is the people who would like to work in an expanding industrial America who really pay for the broken chairs.

In two years Ford and G.M. will be at the table with the UAW. And every year the companies raise prices, often several times, to make the increases look small. There always is another negotiation or another price announcement. The public should not continue to treat these events, as it did this negotiation, as though it were witnessing scorpions fighting in a bottle. The country, not just the auto industry, is paying a terrible price for what has been going on for years in that bottle.

And it will pay more in the future. Take a look, for example, at what this settlement does to Treasury Secretary James Baker's efforts to reduce the value of the dollar, in order to cut the trade deficit. Baker's policies to push the dollar down can help reduce the trade deficit only if a cheaper dollar is used correctly.

If the dollar does fall, Japanese car makers will get fewer yen for the dollars they earn here. Eventually they will raise prices to make up for the loss. Nissan already is talking about doing so. There are two ways the U.S. auto industry can react to this. It can raise prices and pocket the gains, as the unions and the companies did all through the 1970s and as they agreed to do in effect on October 23. Or it can hold or preferably lower prices in order to take sales away from the now higher-priced Japanese and make jobs in America. If the auto industry and industries like it raise prices instead of increasing market share as the dollar falls, the policy fails and the public will pay for it in the form of higher import and domestic prices. No policy can save industrial America if industrial America does not price its products to save itself.

What the shortsighted Chrysler-UAW settlement shows is that Baker and the American public can't continue to pretend that there is a way to deal with the trade deficit and the inflation problem without attacking monopolistic price and wage setting in the industries where price and wage problems start. Harry Truman understood that. Jack Kennedy understood it. We have to understand it.

PAUL A. LONDON

Paul A. London is a Washington-based economist.

He's not washed up. In fact, he's leading the pack.

KENNEDY THE FRONT-RUNNER

BY FRED BARNES

SENATOR Edward M. Kennedy, who would rather be president, was seated in a big blue easy chair in his dark-paneled office on the first floor of the Russell Senate Office Building. It was mid-morning on Wednesday, October 9, and he was drinking coffee and smoking his first cigar of the day. Clustered around a coffee table in front of him were a half-dozen of his aides. Chaos reigned as they sought a consensus on how Kennedy should vote on the Gramm-Rudman deficit reduction bill.

The Friday before, the way had seemed clear for Kennedy to back the bill. He was maddened by the inability of the factionalized Senate Democratic caucus to take a forceful stand against the deficit. Kennedy feared this disarray might leave Democrats in the squalid role of obstructionists bent on blocking Republican deficit-cutting schemes. Playing on Kennedy's anger, Robert Shrum, the senator's longtime speechwriter and now a Washington political consultant, had urged Kennedy, during a flight to Boston that Friday for a dinner at the John F. Kennedy Library, to vote for the bill. "Shrum was establishing the story line that his advice was critical to Kennedy's deciding how to go on Gramm-Rudman," another Kennedy aide said snidely. After the flight Kennedy instructed policy adviser Carey Parker to collect whatever had been written, pro or con, about Gramm-Rudman for him to read over the weekend. A vote for the bill appeared certain.

By Wednesday, though, even Shrum was having second thoughts, based partly on criticism of Gramm-Rudman by Senator Bill Bradley on the Op-Ed page of the *Washington Post*. Unconstitutional, mindless posturing, Bradley wrote. Kennedy's top economics adviser, David Smith, was flatly against the bill. Political adviser William Carrick urged a vote for Gramm-Rudman to get Kennedy "out front" on the deficit, an issue likely to dominate Congress for years. Ranny Cooper, the only woman among Kennedy's top advisers, felt the same way. Kennedy was inclined to vote for it, but didn't wish to appear reckless. Parker argued that the pragmatic thing to do was to vote for the only bill that had a chance of actually affecting the deficit. Following 90 minutes of discussion, Kennedy left for the Senate floor. As the senator walked into the hallway, Shrum tried to allay his fears. "Your

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vote on this won't draw much attention," he assured Kennedy.

Shrum was dead wrong. Democratic senators Chris Dodd of Connecticut and John Kerry of Massachusetts had been the chief liberal advocates of Gramm-Rudman, which would require deep cuts in federal spending to reach a balanced federal budget by 1991. So Kennedy was hardly a brave and lonely liberal in support of a conservative bill. Yet as a follower, not a leader, he raised more eyebrows than Dodd or Kerry did. Kennedy must have expected this. Why else the days of handwringing when it was plain his vote wouldn't be pivotal? Gramm-Rudman passed the Senate 75 to 24. Even a majority of Democrats voted for it.

Should we dismiss Kennedy's vote as insignificant, then? No, no. This was not a routine man-bites-dog story. This man bit the dog not in wild frenzy but after weighing the alternatives and calculating that it was the best course. Kennedy insists that presidential politics had nothing to do with it. "If I'd voted the other way, I'd have been accused of running for president as a traditional, New Deal, special-interest candidate," he says piously. "Voting as I did, I'm accused of running as the new-look fiscal responsibility candidate. So it was no-win."

THAT'S NONSENSE, of course. Presidential politics had everything to do with Kennedy's vote. For the first time, he took a mild risk to improve his presidential prospects in 1988. This was different from airline deregulation, his symbolic bit of rethinking in 1980, which made practically no one mad. In going along with Gramm-Rudman, he crossed his allies in organized labor and the liberal interest groups, and they were furious. But it is clear that if he is ever to attain the presidency, he must reform his reputation as the nation's foremost reflexive liberal. What's more, the timing of the vote was critical. It came just as the conventional wisdom about Kennedy was starting to crack. The vote will make it crack more.

Since his ill-starred bid for the 1980 Democratic presidential nomination, Kennedy has been regarded in the political community, especially in Washington, as a man without a presidential future, a relic of the liberal past. This no longer seems to be true. A whole slew of polls this year is fresh evidence that Kennedy isn't merely a part of the pack for the 1988 nomination: he's the front-runner. He leads Senator Gary Hart in nearly every survey, including one in Utah, supposedly Hart's turf. Moreover, Kennedy has a solid base, the party's liberal wing, to build on with gestures to moderates and conservatives like the vote for Gramm-Rudman. Hart doesn't have a reliable base. Former president Richard Nixon, among others, agrees that Kennedy's back. He tells political associates that Kennedy is the man to beat for the Democratic nomination. Terry Dolan, the chairman of the National Conservative Political Action Committee and a veteran Kennedy-baiter, echoes Nixon. Kennedy, he says, "has recovered a great deal. I thought he'd never lose his negatives, but he has. They are lower than I've ever seen them in polls."

Look at some poll results. A *Washington Post*-ABC News poll last July found that Kennedy had a higher favorable rating with the public than any potential Democratic candidate in 1988. He was rated favorably by 55 percent, while Chrysler boss Lee Iacocca got 49 percent, Hart 47 percent, Jesse Jackson 43 percent, and Mario Cuomo 24 percent. Kennedy's unfavorable rating was 33 percent compared to Iacocca's 15 percent, Hart's 22 percent, Jackson's 41 percent, and Cuomo's 12 percent.

Kennedy also fares well in trial heats for 1988. He topped Vice President George Bush in a Gallup Poll in July on the "personality factor." Kennedy was rated highly favorable by 25 percent of the public, as was Iacocca, compared to 23 percent for Bush and 14 percent for Hart. In the same survey, he tied Bush at 46 percent in a head-to-head matchup; Hart trailed Bush 50 percent to 39 percent, and Iacocca was behind Bush 52 percent to 36 percent. Says pollster Brad Bannon: "Kennedy's showing against Bush at a time when Republican partisan identification is at an all-time high and when Americans feel good about Reagan and the economy is definitely food for thought." Kennedy was also the first choice of Democrats and independents in the same poll for the party's nomination. He got 37 percent, Hart 29 percent, Cuomo 16 percent, and Iacocca 15 percent.

The crucial test, of course, is how Democratic voters feel, because they, and not the general public, will decide who gets the nomination. A poll by NCPAC found that Kennedy is adored by Democratic constituency groups—the poor, working women, union members, Jews, Catholics. He rivaled Jesse Jackson in popularity among black voters. Last March a *Washington Post*-ABC News survey asked Democrats to pick whom they wanted to play a leadership role in the party. Kennedy was chosen by 45 percent, while 34 percent named Hart. Asked whom they didn't want to play a role, ten percent named Kennedy, 16 percent Hart. Or figuring these together, Kennedy's positive to negative ratio was 4.5 to 1, Hart's 2.1 to 1.

IF YOU'RE STILL AWAKE, here are some more interesting numbers. Hart, remember, won the Democratic primary in California in 1984, but a poll last spring showed Kennedy leading him there 33 percent to 27 percent. Iacocca is now being touted as the dark-horse candidate for the 1988 nomination, but a nationwide poll in August showed Democratic voters prefer Kennedy 53 percent to 37 percent. For all Iacocca's can-do image, Kennedy whipped him among younger voters (under 34) 65 percent to 27 percent. And women, especially younger women, are disproportionately pro-Kennedy in polls. He led Iacocca 59 percent to 31 percent among women. By the way, Mario Cuomo lost to Iacocca 44 percent to 30 percent in the same poll.

O.K., O.K. Too much can be made of polling results three years before actual voting. The rap on Kennedy has been that he soars in polls when the public isn't thinking about having to vote for him for president. But when an

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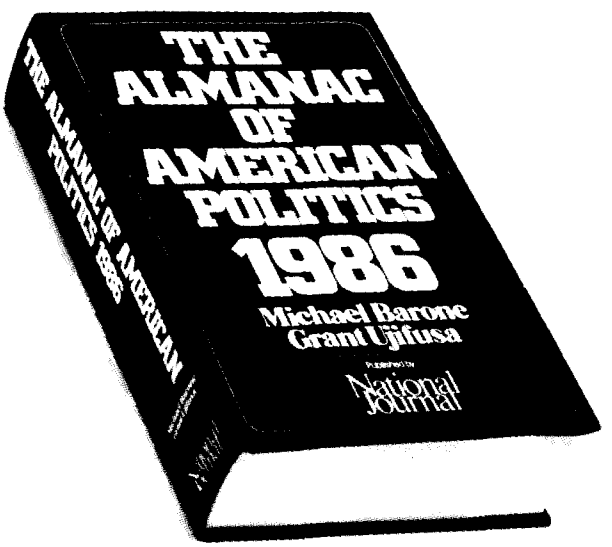

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election nears, his liabilities resurface and his standing in polls dips dramatically. People like to say that he is far too liberal for voters in the Reagan era; that he cannot credibly transform his image and therefore cannot appeal to voters outside his liberal base; and that the so-called character issue brought about by Chappaquiddick, his now-dissolved marriage, and his womanizing will inevitably rise again.

These notions are held as indisputable truths by many in the political community for one reason: they all came to pass in the 1980 presidential race. But in presidential politics, the past is a bad predictor of the future. Richard Nixon's loss in the 1960 presidential race and his even more humiliating defeat in the 1962 California governor's election didn't keep him from winning the White House in 1968. Ronald Reagan was too conservative for the country in 1976, not so in 1980. Jimmy Carter was ideologically attuned to the public in 1976, but not in 1980. And so on.

NOT ONLY do times change; so do politicians and their images. Think for a moment about the contrast between Reagan in 1981 and Reagan in 1985; he's more moderate now. Or recall Gary Hart, the McGovernite radical in 1972 who switched to running against traditional liberalism when he campaigned for the Senate in 1974. And issues that bedevil a candidate in one campaign don't necessarily come back to haunt him again. The fact that Howard Metzenbaum hadn't paid all his taxes undermined his Senate campaign in 1974; two years later, it was hardly an issue and he ousted an incumbent senator. The rule of thumb in politics is that a personal issue that's a problem in one campaign doesn't come back in the next.

It may be asking a lot for this rule to work on the issue of Kennedy's character. Unflattering books about the Kennedys continue to be best sellers. The latest is *Living with the Kennedys: The Joan Kennedy Story* by Marcia Chellis, a one-time confidante of Joan Kennedy. Chellis portrays Senator Kennedy as a cruel womanizer who cynically enlisted his wife in his 1980 campaign in order to trick voters into thinking their marriage was happy. And tales of Kennedy shenanigans still crop up anew. The *Washingtonian* magazine reported in October that Kennedy and Senator Chris Dodd recently spent a late evening drinking at La Colline restaurant on Capitol Hill. As he was leaving, Kennedy spotted a picture of Dodd on the wall. Laughing, he threw it to the floor, smashing the glass. Dodd then found Kennedy's picture and returned the favor. A picture of Senator Dale Bumpers was broken as well. Kennedy aides do not deny the story, noting only that it was wrongly reported that a staffer was dispatched the next day to clean up the mess.

Nevertheless, there's reason to believe that the character issue won't be paramount next time. Kennedy has been divorced for two years. The Chappaquiddick incident, in which Mary Jo Kopechne was drowned in Kennedy's car after it careened off a bridge in 1969, was the subject of countless retrospectives in 1979 and 1980 on television and the press. There aren't likely to be as many if Kennedy runs in 1988. Besides, "the saliency" of the character issue is "a lot less" than it was in 1979, according to Paul Tully, who runs Kennedy's political action committee, the Fund for a Democratic Majority. It matters to the core of voters who don't like Kennedy anyway, he says. But most voters "talk about a whole lot of things before the character issue and that sort of stuff." Kennedy has "reached a point where enough people will take a look at him on the basis of his record and values, enough to elect him," contends Larry Horowitz, Kennedy's chief of staff.

WHAT ABOUT the problem of Kennedy's political persona? He shaped his overarching image as an unbending left-liberal with three speeches: at the Democratic mini-convention in 1978 when he urged voters to "sail against the wind" of conservatism; at Georgetown University in 1980 when he recast his flagging presidential campaign as a liberal crusade; and at the Democratic convention later in 1980 when he declared that the liberal "dream will never die."

The trouble here is not that Kennedy is a liberal, but that he is viewed as a predictable, ideologically straitlaced liberal. Voters want their national leaders to have an independent streak. Reagan, though a staunch conservative, occasionally surprises the electorate. It's the Nixon-goes-to-China syndrome. It works. Kennedy is just beginning to apply it to his own image.

Kennedy and his aides insist that he never was a knee-jerk liberal. Horowitz denies that Kennedy is moving to the center ideologically, and Kennedy himself admits only that he's become more "practical" in recent years. "He's not trying to change his stripes," adds Mark Siegel, a Democratic National Committee member and Kennedy supporter in 1980. "He's trying to make the reality and the perception go in sync." Kennedy is merely angling to get rid of his image as an ideologue, not his image as a liberal.

This brings us back to the vote on Gramm-Rudman. It was, among other things, an attempt at being unpredictable. It was designed to broaden Kennedy's appeal by showing him at odds with his liberal constituency. And it's worked. Kennedy's aides are delighted to tell you exactly who has bitched about the Gramm-Rudman vote. An editorial in the *Boston Globe* attacking Kennedy on his vote is included in the package of clips press secretary Bob Mann distributes. "After 23 years in the Senate, he should know a lemon when he sees one, but he ended up following the crowd," the *Globe* huffed. Kennedy responded with a long letter that was the essence of pragmatism. He'd prefer a combination of spending cuts and tax increases. "But does the *Globe* seriously maintain that if we can't raise taxes, the deficits must roll on? I would rather restrain spending by picking the worst or most wasteful programs, not across-the-board cuts—but I also believe that we must have cuts."

If Kennedy were really lurching headlong to the political center, he'd be doing a lot more than voting for Gramm-

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Rudman. For instance, he'd have joined the national debate after last November's election over the direction the Democratic Party should take. Instead, he lay low. He waited until last spring to offer his advice to the party, and then he focused on style more than substance. In a speech at Hofstra University, he said that the Democrats have to show they aren't the party of special interests. "As Democrats, we must understand that there is a difference between being a party that cares about labor—and being a labor party. There is a difference between being a party that cares about women—and being the women's party. And we can and we must be a party that cares about minorities without becoming a minority party. We are citizens first, and constituencies second."

Not many liberals—or conservatives, for that matter—would disagree. But since the Hofstra speech, Kennedy has done little to flesh out whatever promise the address may have given that he was becoming a moderate. He's merely been unpredictable on occasion. Last summer he signed on with Republican senator Mack Mattingly of Georgia as a sponsor of legislation giving the president a line-item veto. True, he said, Reagan might use this power in a way liberals wouldn't like, but a liberal in the White House would need the same authority. Kennedy also voted against legislation that would have barred two recent mergers in the energy industry. And he has been hinting, with intentional lack of subtlety, that he may vote for full deregulation of oil and natural gas.

This last gambit was tried at an October $500-a-person fund-raiser in Austin, Texas, to which his political aides attracted 100 Democrats of all ideological stripes, from former senator Ralph Yarborough, a liberal, to Jack Martin, a moderate and the political guru of Senator Lloyd Bentsen, who ousted Yarborough in 1970. John Connally's business partner, Ben Barnes, was a sponsor of the event. (Connally, now a Republican, hid in an office when Kennedy's plane landed at the airport he and Barnes own.) "Clearly, we are out of the period of the seventies, and we have to recognize that unless we're going to have a prosperous oil and gas industry, the consumers in my state, my region of the country, are going to suffer," he told them. This may be opaque to you, but the Texans understood. Kennedy was saying he won't "demagogue" the energy issue anymore by blaming producers in the Southwest for driving up energy costs in New England. The Texas foray was a success. "Kennedy still has the magic," wrote Dave McNeely of the *Austin American-Statesman*.

Kennedy clearly relishes Reagan's reputation as an independent-minded man of conviction. This shows up in polls when voters are asked, Is this person a strong national leader? Last year Walter Mondale fared miserably on the question; Ronald Reagan shone. Voters didn't care whether they agreed with Reagan on one issue or another, says Tully. They liked him as a strong leader who represented the country and stood up to the Soviets. Kennedy is "almost the flip side of Mondale on leadership and in-chargeness," he says, without pointing to specific polling results. "We're on the Reagan side of the equation."

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If that's the case, Kennedy will be all the more formidable a candidate. And he has other strengths. His PAC is by far the wealthiest and most sophisticated among the Democratic presidential possibilities. It plans to raise nearly four million dollars this year and next. Hart, meanwhile, is stuck with trying to whittle down his two-million-dollar debt from 1984, and Cuomo has to run for governor in 1986. Since 1981 Kennedy operatives have been knitting together a national organization that doesn't rely on chums from the days of Jack and Bobby Kennedy. And they spend most of their time reaching beyond Kennedy's liberal base. "I've got to focus on the new elements of the constituency," says Tully. Kennedy is planning a trip to the South early next year, and he's traveled twice to Wall Street and twice to business schools this year to warm, or thaw, his relationship with the business community. In September he made some 25 calls to every winner and loser of a major race in the New York City primary.

"If mechanics, money, people, organization mean anything, then Senator Kennedy is alive and well," argues Horowitz. "The capacity to raise large sums of money is almost unique with our operation. We have a better national organization than anybody else. I feel we are way beyond where we ended the 1980 effort." Is Kennedy running for sure, then? "My instructions are to assume there will be a presidential campaign and prepare for it," says Horowitz. "That doesn't mean there will be one." As long as Kennedy's the front-runner, there will be. That's the thing about front-runners. They always run.

Cesar Chavez 20 years later.

SOUR GRAPES

BY EVAN T. BARR

CESAR CHAVEZ, the founder and leader of the United Farm Workers of America, has to be the only union boss who refuses to wear a tie, receives no salary, maintains a strict vegetarian diet, and meditates regularly. For 20 years Chavez attracted a devoted following across the country. People were drawn by his humble life-style and seemingly apostolic mission to help migrant workers from Mexico obtain a better standard of living. He picketed alongside the workers. He fasted for days to heighten awareness of the cause. He languished in jails.

Today, Chavez is discovering, it is advertising—not asceticism—that gets you noticed. At the 1984 Democratic convention, Chavez asked Americans to boycott table grapes in support of the UFW's bargaining position in California. There was no discernible response at the supermarkets. When Chavez arrived in Washington this summer to campaign for congressional endorsements, most politicians on Capitol Hill hadn't even heard about the boycott. Richard Lehman, a Democratic representative from California and a die-hard Chavez opponent, had heard: he supplied two crates of seedless grapes in the members-only House cloakroom in honor of the occasion. The grapes were quickly consumed. So in recent months, Chavez has turned to a new "high-tech" approach, including computer mailings and TV commercials. But it may be too late to save the beleaguered union leader and his nearly forgotten constituency.

Cesar Chavez is one of the last representatives of a dying breed—the charismatic 1960s hero. The story of his rise to prominence in organizing the first farm workers' labor union in America reads like a Steinbeck novel. Born in Arizona, he migrated with his family during the Depression to Delano, in California's fertile Central Valley. There he acquired a firsthand knowledge of the tribulations of desperately impoverished Mexican-American migrant crop pickers. Passed over in the labor reforms of the 1930s, California's farm workers had no right to organize, no minimum wage, and no federally guaranteed standards in the fields.

Recognition of Chavez's National Farm Workers Association was achieved at the cost of a prolonged and often bloody strike against the grape growers of Delano begun in 1965. Mexican *braceros*, imported by the bus load each day, were obvious targets for civil rights activism. Chavez demonstrated a remarkable gift of persuasion and tenacity in marching his people off the fields that were their only source of income. Local police dispersed unwanted agitators from Berkeley, Stanford, CORE, and the Catholic Church. The new union clearly faced a test of survival.

Men of the cloth proved to be Chavez's most valuable cohorts. They spread word of the union's heroic endeavors in parishes throughout the United States. In 1966 they asked that consumers render unto Cesar a special dispensation: not to eat grapes. Chavez came up with the secondary boycott scheme as a way to apply pressure upon growers already weakened by the strike. The idea caught on, and it

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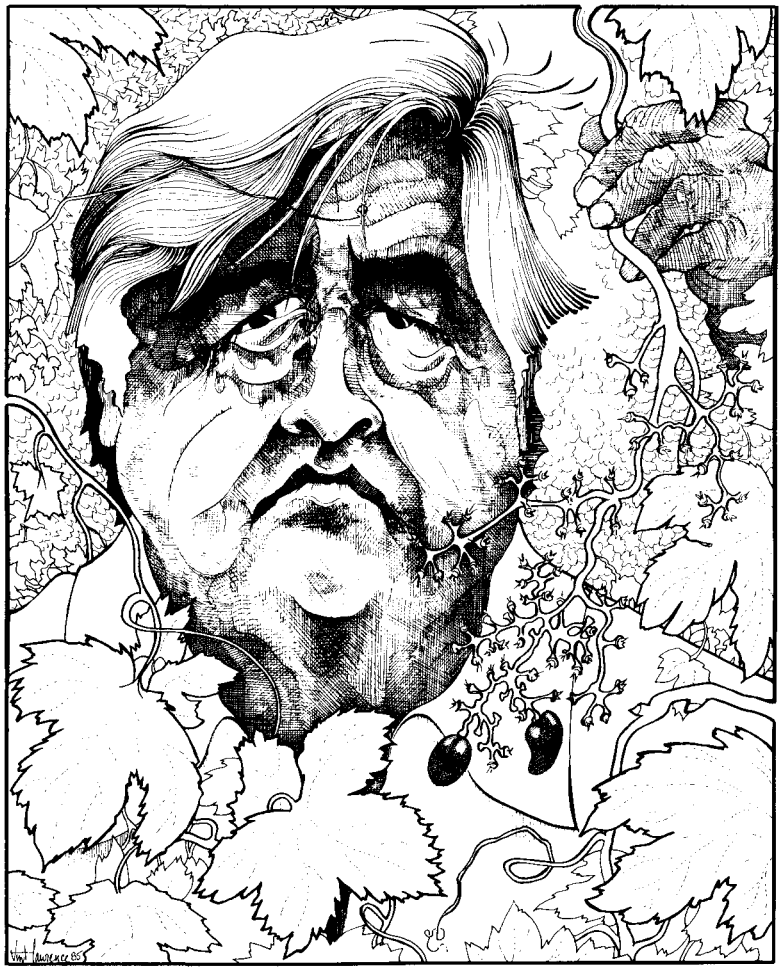
became popular to do without the fruits of oppressed labor. Bobby Kennedy went to Delano in 1968, and Teddy stood on the platform with Cesar in Calexico the following year. An estimated 17 million American consumers helped the UFW prevail in 1970 as Chavez drew up contracts with the four largest grape-growing firms in the state.

Chavez enjoyed one last, short-lived victory with the passage of the nation's first Agricultural Labor Relations Act in 1975. The ALRA, pushed through the California legislature by Governor Jerry Brown, provided for a five-member board to hear farm workers' grievances, supervise certification elections, and impose binding settlements on both parties to a contract. The ALRB granted generous workers' compensation awards based on the difference between actual earnings and projected earnings under a hypothetical fair contract. That meant growers could no longer get away with firing strikers or engaging in bad-faith bargaining. Brown filled the ALRB with UFW sympathizers as a bulwark against the growers' political influence in the state capital. Union-busting just didn't pay anymore.



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But Brown's influence in Sacramento had begun to wane. The state Senate, infuriated by the governor's pro-worker interpretation of the ALRA, refused to fund the board in 1976. Chavez, believing he was still popular with the electorate, got a referendum—Proposition 14—on the November ballot, which mandated adequate annual funding for normal operation of the ALRB, and allowed for UFW representatives to mobilize workers on growers' land. Growers seized upon the latter clause as a violation of their property rights, and the UFW initiative was badly defeated at the polls.

Organizing a group of migrants into a union was long considered impossible because illegal immigrants have always provided growers an unlimited, inexpensive supply of laborers willing to displace union workers. (Unemployment among California farm workers has traditionally run around 19 percent.) The UFW, in its first 20 years of existence, accomplished a minor miracle. Beyond significant material gains—such as a 70 percent increase in real wages from 1964 to 1980, pension plans, disability insurance, health-care benefits, and the creation of a credit union—the UFW has guaranteed migrants the right to bargain and given them a political voice in California, Arizona, and Texas. Cesar Chavez has given his entire life to achieve these goals, and has, for the most part, succeeded in accomplishing them.

The current governor, George Deukmejian, elected in 1982 with the help of one million dollars in campaign contributions from agricultural interests, has done his best to undo Brown's appointments to the farm labor panel. Last year he appointed a former growers' attorney to chair the board and brought in a onetime Republican state legislator, David Stirling, as general counsel. Stirling now is in the powerful position of determining which cases the board will hear. His record so far, as seen by the UFW, is hardly sterling. Deukmejian bragged to the press last February that under his administration the board's case backlog—at one point over 1,000 cases—had been nearly eliminated.

Chavez claims that Stirling and the governor have accomplished this feat by simply dropping union complaints without even the formality of an investigation. Convicted growers, meanwhile, are filing appeals in the courts to delay payments due on ALRB judgments against them amounting to over $40 million; by last June, only two million dollars had been paid. What started out as a progressive force for migrants' rights has been rendered an impotent bureaucracy by a Republican administration willing and able to take on the UFW. Deukmejian ought to be pleased with the results. At its peak a decade ago, the UFW could claim 50 contracts in the grape-growing sector alone. Today there are just three.

Chavez must now worry about an even more serious challenge. In recent years he has lost the services of some of his most brilliant veteran leaders. According to Gilbert Pa-

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dilla, a UFW founder who quit to sell insurance in Fresno, Chavez scared off the best people in the organization with a combination of eccentric and tyrannical behavior. "Cesar doesn't know how to delegate authority and became almost paranoid when others exercised some leadership," Padilla told the *Los Angeles Times* last summer. "He suspected Communists were out to destroy the union and drove out some of our best people, who were surely not Communists. He engaged in the worst sort of Red-baiting."

Padilla wasn't the first or only UFW luminary forced into early retirement. In September 1981 Chavez removed nine prominent union representatives from their jobs in Salinas after they attempted to field an opposition slate against the leader's handpicked nominees for the UFW National Executive Board. Among the members of that body were Chavez's sister-in-law, son-in-law, and brother. The Salinas dissidents had long pressed for reforms to speed up the administration of a ranch-level UFW health-care plan. More to the point, they had significantly challenged Chavez's absolute rule over the internal affairs of the union.

A FEDERAL District Court ruled in 1982 that Chavez did not have the authority to dismiss the dissidents since they held elected positions. Chavez vowed that "they are never going to get those jobs back," and fought the reinstatement issue on appeals, losing another round in the courts last year. In a final burst of revenge, Chavez forced Marshall Ganz, the UFW's chief organizer, out of the union for encouraging the rebels, though Chavez claims he resigned of his own accord.

In 1977 Chavez moved UFW headquarters from Delano to a spot deep in the Tehachapi Mountains. At this High Sierras retreat, once used as a TB sanitarium, Chavez built the 200-acre settlement of La Paz to house his family, his associates, and union officials. UFW headquarters itself consists of a few scattered buildings and trailers. Chavez lives with his wife in a four-room wood-frame cottage.

At La Paz loyal members were expected to work for next to nothing. The union provided clothes, food, housing, and subsistence wages in return for a six-day work week. Chavez urged his colleagues to try vegetarianism and meditation. He preached the virtues of yoga and holistic medicine, and according to some ex-staffers, engaged in a bizarre form of faith-healing using candles, incense, and music to cure everything from headaches to ulcers. He dismissed the stories as fabrications but does not deny that a Synanon Encounter program was tried and eventually discontinued because the vile language and sexually explicit discussions during the sessions offended clerical volunteers.

Today the life-style at La Paz still seems better suited to a commune than to a labor organization, though Chavez has apparently ended some of the more objectionable practices that cost him the services of at least a dozen key local leaders, four board members, and many others uncomfortable with his autocratic personality. In their move to the hills, Chavez and the UFW vanguard removed themselves from the concerns of the rank and file, and developed the besieged mentality typical of distant, distrustful leaders. A reporter with the *Fresno Bee* noted that whereas the mood in Delano was one of cheerful, bustling activity, an atmosphere of "eerie silence" pervades the offices at La Paz.

THE LATEST grape boycott represents a belated effort by Chavez to regain the momentum and idealism of the late 1960s. He says he would like to force growers to *sign* contracts after ALRB-sponsored elections (not yet required by law), to bargain in good faith, and to agree on joint testing for dangerous pesticides used on handpicked crops. In announcing the boycott on July 12, 1984, Chavez spoke of reliving past successes by "once again bringing together liberals, church groups, workers, and others to support us until the full meaning of the California labor law is restored and provides protections workers must have."

Chavez must realize that such a coalition is unlikely to materialize. Despite massive UFW contributions to Democratic state legislators amounting to over $950,000 in the past four years, previously loyal political allies in Sacramento, including state Senate president David Roberti and assembly speaker Willie Brown, have refused to commit themselves to the latest mobilization. Even religious figures closely associated with previous Delano strikes cautiously refrain from proclaiming their support of the boycott.

So Chavez turned to public relations. La Paz went high-tech with the purchase of computerized mailing equipment designed to churn out 20 million letters targeted at potential sympathizers, which the UFW identifies as "white liberals, blacks, Jews, and union families." The letters explain that consumers who buy table grapes are subsidizing an exploitative system that deprives migrant workers of a decent living. Chavez gives the boycott five years to succeed, and claims to need only three million participants nationwide to break the growers' will to resist.

It is too early to tell if the boycott is working. Bruce Obbink, president of the California Table Grape Commission in Fresno, reports record sales of 2.5 million boxes (at 23 pounds per box) per week through July 1985. Mike Durando of the California Grape and Tree Fruit League confirmed that the industry's only worry this season is a bumper crop that will drive the price down. A Mervin Field poll in California, however, reports that 42 percent of the public says it is complying with Chavez's request.

"We don't want to model ourselves on industrial unions," Chavez said back in 1966. "We want to get involved in politics, in voter registration, not just contract negotiation. . . . We have to find some cross between being a movement and being a union. The membership must maintain control; the power must not be centered in a few." But Chavez can't seem to accomplish what sociologist Max Weber called "routinization of charisma"—the transition from agitator to administrator. As one Texas farm worker representative complained, "He thinks he *is* the farm labor movement. Everything comes from Cesar." But for the time being, Chavez has no plans to retire. "The workers will ask me to leave when they are ready," Chavez has long said. "I trust in that." □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Opposing Views

For a long time now, the private investigator has been smarter than the police. (Says Poe's Auguste Dupin: "The Parisian police . . . are cunning, but no more. . . . The results achieved by them . . . are brought about by simple diligence and activity.") The private eye still exists, of course, and when he appears, he is still smarter than the police—that's the only reason for his existence. But in recent decades he has figuratively turned up *within* the ranks, a member of the police but smart as any private eye and virtually as freewheeling. (*Beverly Hills Cop* and *Year of the Dragon* are two late examples.) This civil service detective breaks regulations, breaks direct orders, sometimes even breaks the law, in order to get his man. The "loner" now uses the authority of society to flout society and take personal revenge.

To Live and Die in L.A.
(MGM/UA)

28 Up
(First Run Features)

William Friedkin heats the conflict further. *To Live and Die in L.A.*, which Friedkin directed and which he adapted with Gerald Petievich from the latter's novel, starts with the usual motive of personal vengeance—a detective's revenge for a slain partner—a motive always deplored by the man's chief, who is always disregarded. Then the plot quickly plunges into a thicket of convolutions, factual and ethical, that force the avenger to execute a robbery in which an innocent man is killed. The protagonist then feels the only way to justify his own crimes is to stick to his original goal: get the man who killed his partner.

The script emphasizes the detective's questionable tactics by beginning as "straight" as possible: these men are not just detectives, they are Secret Service agents whom we first see guarding the president when he visits L.A. (We hear Reagan's voice.) The hero (let's call him that), played by William L. Petersen, and his partner balk a would-be Arab assassin of the president. What could be more Dick Tracy than that?

Then the partner, who is due to retire in a few days, says there is just one more criminal biggie he wants to nab before he quits. Thus we know he's going to get killed. And then Petersen takes over the case, to get the killer, takes over so avidly that all other considerations get trampled on. Friedkin, in script and treatment, underscores this self-feeding, soon-illicit fury with every available touch in script and direction. Ugliness and oddity and cynicism are the director's chief criteria. When Petersen opens a garbage bin and discovers his partner's body, we don't see the corpse but we hear the buzz of flies. We meet only two lawyers in the film, one shady and the other an outright crook. The villain is a counterfeiter who once was a talented artist: the art teacher who gives the hero some clues about the villain is a paralyzed dwarf in a wheelchair. Almost everyone who gets killed in the film—I lost count—is shot in the face, close up. Near the end of the picture this is improved on: a man isn't merely shot, he goes up in flames.

Sex, too, is a Friedkin field for cynical tease. We see a mod dance group performing in body stockings and heavily painted faces. The villain goes backstage to greet the leading dancer, who seems to be a male and who kisses him fully on the mouth. Then the dancer pulls off a head covering and is seen to be a woman; and *then* we learn that this woman, though the villain's lover, prefers women. This dancer is a sexy blonde, and Friedkin quite deliberately casts two other female roles with sexy blondes, all three so similar as to be like stock items off a warehouse shelf. (I thought that one scene was taking place in Blonde A's flat when it was really B's.) This view of women as interchangeable utensils is part of the film's overview: male, tough, practical.

Friedkin's first big hit was *The French Connection*, and the biggest hit in that (much better) thriller was the car chase under the El in which a detective pursued the train speeding above him. Apparently Friedkin's chief problem here was to devise a chase to top that chase. His answer: a wrong-way chase. Petersen flees the cars of pursuing gunmen by ignoring a Do Not Enter sign on an L.A. freeway and threading through opposing traffic, still pursued by the gunmen's cars. The most relevant statistic about the film is that the program lists 44 actors and 72 stunt players.

The editing, done with Bud Smith and Scott Smith, is sliced as fine as in the best TV commercials. The cinematography, by Robby Müller, the German who has worked with Wenders

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Macaroni. More good sentiment than sense. Jack Lemmon, a business success, goes to a conference in Naples, where he was a GI 40 years before. He remeets Marcello Mastroianni, whose sister he knew back then. A nice helping of Neapolitan ice cream. (Reviewed 11/18/85)

Plenty. David Hare tried to walk a tightrope when he adapted his play for film, trying to balance fidelity to his ideas with wide popularity. He stumbles a bit. So does Meryl Streep as an Englishwoman with postwar letdown. The others in the cast, John Gielgud supremely, are fine. (9/30/85)

Shoah. The word is Hebrew for "holocaust." This nine-and-a-half-hour documentary (shown in two parts) contains *not one foot of film you have ever seen.* Claude Lanzmann, the Frenchman who made it, shot it after 1976, interweaving interviews with witnesses of the Final Solution—survivors, bystanders, and German participants. Ten years' work in 14 countries has produced a fine film and a grave, important contribution to history. (10/28/85)

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and Handke, keeps the colors implosive, the figures ultra-present. Their skills are used to make the film say, "We are *with* it. We know what's happening." This may be too true. The film ends with confirmation in tone of everything that has gone before: Petersen's new partner, a young honest cop, turns cynical and manipulative. That's telling us, Friedkin.

At the recent New York Film Festival and then at the Film Forum, there was a bill of two British TV documentaries, totaling almost three hours. The first, called *7 Up*, made in 1963, was a series of interviews and observations whose subjects were 14 English seven-year-olds of widely different kinds, city and country—from a snooty boy who read the *Financial Times* to a Yorkshire farm lad trudging along a muddy road. Michael Apted, later known here as the director of *Coal Miner's Daughter* and other films, was an assistant on *7 Up*; he and some colleagues kept in touch with those 14 boys and girls through the years, and filmed them at seven-year intervals. Then in 1984, Apted directed a much longer documentary about them, *28 Up*, including intervening material but concentrating on them as they were 21 years later. Now *28 Up* is being shown alone, and since it contains many bits culled from *7 Up* for reference and contrast, it can be well understood on its own. In fact, it's better this way because the original double bill was a bit too long.

It must have been a strenuous job, all that following up, especially since two of the original 14 emigrated, one to America and one to Australia. But it was well worthwhile: *28 Up* is both fascinating and cheering. The fascination is principally the obvious one, the godlike power that factual film can give us of surveying long stretches of human lives; the cheer is in the fact that many of these lives turned out well. The dice couldn't very well have been loaded back there in 1963 when the children were chosen; most of the 12 we see in 1984 (two declined to appear) are living well and happily. One of the boys became a teacher in the Midlands and now feels slack and lazy. Another young man is a self-confessed depressive. But the tough little East Ender now drives a London cab, loves the "outdoor work," and is obviously dotty about his wife and children. An unbearable little upper-class girl, who is glimpsed at 21 in a really mixed-up and seemingly doomed condition, is now warmly married to a country solicitor and is busy with two children and a lot of other activities that make her glow. A worried Liverpool boy is now a sturdy citizen of Melbourne, jolly with a jolly wife and children, all of them getting a good deal of fun out of everything. One of the uppermost-crust boys, after university and a law degree, became a teacher in a racially mixed East End school with students to whom he is clearly devoted and who clearly return the feeling. And the Yorkshire lad, who in his thick accent told us that he would one day like to go to the moon, now teaches physics at the University of Wisconsin.

28 Up could hardly be a Panglossian proof that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds, but without any conceivable sleight of hand, it at least shows that not everything is for the worst. We need this demonstration once in a while, particularly supported—as it is here—by the sight of faces maturing so attractively. Without exception, all of these young men and women are better-looking now than when they were children, and a few of them were beautiful children. □

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Photographs by Jeffrey A. Wolin
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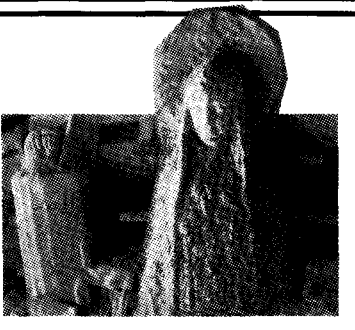

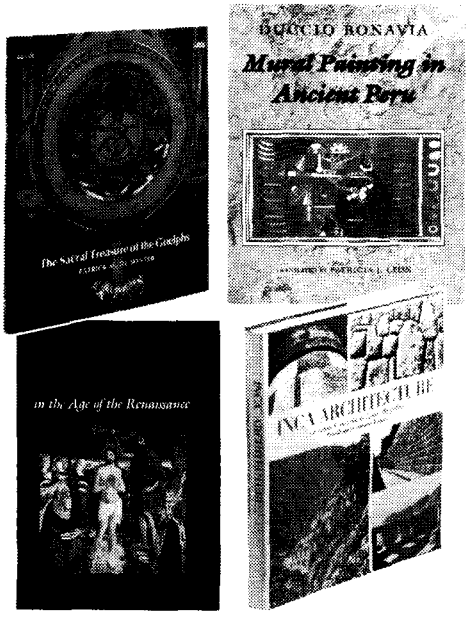

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How the Festival of India lost India.

THE RAGE FOR THE RAJ

BY ANITA DESAI

INDIA IS a very public place. All of its actions, its thoughts, and its emotions are out in the open, on display, in the whitest light of day anywhere. It is a sight that assaults every nerve of a visitor who arrives for the first time, as well as of Indians who have been away, however briefly, and returned. It even intrudes, now and then, upon the Indian mind, in spite of its conditioning, in spite of the Indian upbringing that teaches it to ignore this flagrant performance and turn inward, out of sheer self-defense and an instinct for survival, to the inner self.

Whatever the human being is capable of is to be found in India in the most lavish helpings—the most spiritual music, the most seductive art, the most intricate schools of philosophy and religion, as well as the most appalling greed, ignorance, violence, corruption, and sloth. These might exist elsewhere to an equal extent, but elsewhere they are decently obscured—by doors, curtains, masks, cosmetics. The need for privacy is not understood in India, where such things are permitted to be flaunted everywhere, in every rag and tin shack of the pavement dweller and in every concrete or marble hall of the big cities. They can be heard in the chatter on buses and trains, on loudspeakers and on radios. They spill out of hundreds of newspapers and journals in tens of languages; leafing through even the smallest and most obscure of them will give you a rapid sequence of glimpses into Indian life. At one moment you may be looking upon physical loveliness, medieval horror, political chicanery, commercial aggression, bizarre entertainment—and even some tired but sincere attempts at education and development. No one who lives in India or visits India can possibly remain ignorant of it—the Indian reality.

Yet this is not what one would think if one were to see the films that have been made about the country, or followed the progress of the Festival of India, or read the reports of this year's "raj revival" in the West. The bewildered Indian leafs through the reports that have come from over the seas, looks at the gorgeous pictures of gorgeous objects in gorgeous places, and at the gorgeous strangers that surround them, and wonders if they belong to a real land. It is certainly not the land he knows. Perhaps it is another India, discovered by another Columbus? How wonderful, he thinks. Can he go there too?

And it *is* another India: it is an India discovered—or invented—by the West. The Indian has the unpleasant feeling that it has been stolen from him, wrested from him like the legendary Peacock Throne of Shah Jehan, and carried away where it is out of his reach. Once again, his land has been plundered. Of course the analogy can be carried no further—looking around him, he sees his land is still there, just as it was, in no way diminished. Oddly enough, it is what the West has carried away, rather, that seems if not diminished, then lacking. The West is not aware of the lack. But the Indian observer sees it at once: it is he, his life, his preoccupations, his reactions, his views, his own experience of India, that have been left out of the picture. The center is missing.

How could the element of reality have escaped those who came to film, to record, to photograph, to carry away? It is as if the willful ignorance with which the British colonials surrounded themselves when they lived in India has not been dispelled at all, but still flourishes. In those days, there was an explanation for it. *They* had lived within the high walls and hedges of the cantonment; they had had their own clubs and institutions and never stepped outside them. Indians who knew that period cannot remember ever entering those enclaves—except, of course, as servants or subordinates on duty. The races had never "mixed." In this, British imperialism had differed from Moslem, from Mogul imperialism, which had so quickly become one with India that at the end they could scarcely be told apart. To see one of the "raj" films, on the other hand, one would be convinced that the rulers and the ruled thought of nothing else but "mixing"—and the hazards thereof. This is hardly the truth. Each race had a fierce will to keep itself apart, to remain "unpolluted"; and except for a few instances of genuine scholarship, the amount of ignorance on the part of each was astounding.

DURING the final years of the raj I lived in the capital. My home was more European than most, since my mother was European. We had a piano on which she played and sang "O Tannenbaum" at Christmas; we had Goethe, Schiller, and Heine on our bookshelves, stews and pancakes on our table, and Beethoven, Mozart, and Grieg on our gramophone. But it was not an English home. My mother, being German and married to an Indian, was twice removed from the English raj, and her abhorrence of it was as great as my father's; she would not countenance such English customs as sending children away to boarding schools at "home."

My parents' friends were German, French, Hungarian, White Russian—and the few English who were married to Indians. Such Englishwomen had no entry into the raj world, either; they had become *déclassées* or even *déracinées*. The women in that circle—and the few foreign men, like the German architect who was married to a White Russian and the Hungarian art critic who had an Indian wife—tended to be rather bizarre characters, exaggerated and not quite "normal." I have often wondered if they found their way to India because they did not fit into their own society, more fixed and more formal; or if they became so flamboyant through living in a flamboyant land. Possibly it was because they belonged neither to Indian society nor to the society they had left behind that they observed no code. And this set them apart from the British, who lived by their code wherever they were, but more so when they were elsewhere.

Since my father did not enter government service until after India became independent, he had no contact with the Englishmen in the administration. The English people I knew as a child were the teachers in my school, Queen Mary's, in Old Delhi. They were the Grey Sisters (in gray cotton dresses

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Anita Desai's most recent novel is *In Custody*. She lives in Kalimpong, West Bengal.

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with white collars and buttons, unmarried and austere) of the Cambridge Mission that had founded the school, as well as St. Stephen's Hospital over the wall. These teachers and doctors lived busy lives inside the gray walls of their institutions, and did not go much beyond their compounds except to service at St. James's Church in Kashmere Gate. Not one of them, to the best of my knowledge, was raped, appeared in a law court, or was involved in a scandal. I am afraid that the ones I knew were a colorless lot—by which I mean not that they were uninteresting, but that they were beyond technicoloring. Books or films about their lives would lack drama and spectacle; but they would be immeasurably richer and more moving for being authentic, and free of literary and cinematic cliché.

IN A LECTURE titled "Outside the Whale," delivered in New Delhi and published in *Granta*, Salman Rushdie attacked Paul Scott's depiction of life in the raj by saying he had borrowed the idea of the rape from Forster and of the half-Indian, half-English boy from Kipling, and had debased both. Several Indians present at the lecture rose to their feet and protested against Rushdie's "unfairness" to Scott, and claimed that Scott's picture of British India had a certain authenticity. It surely would, since Scott knew India during the great war; and when he wrote *The Raj Quartet* he had the benefit of hindsight as well, and could indulge in the luxury of creating fallible and even objectionable white men and women because he lived in a more tired and disillusioned age, when English backbones had slumped, the Union Jack no longer waved so briskly, and there was time for reflection and reassessment.

Still, for all that, Scott's vision was far more circumscribed than Kipling's or Forster's. His books were only incidentally about India; they were chiefly about Britain—about a certain period in British history. The *Quartet* has really to do with the Englishman's—and even more so, with the Englishwoman's—response to India, with his or her behavior when under the pressure of ruling a land that did not wish to be ruled. (Gita Mehta was considered flippant when she said *The Jewel in the Crown* might as well have been set in Eastbourne, in boardinghouses for retired sahibs and memsahibs; but she was not off the mark.)

Kipling and Forster wrote not after the end of the raj but during it, with more insight than hindsight. Of course they wrote during two very different periods: Kipling at a time when it was unthinkable that anyone should question the innate nobility and the benefits of the raj, when it was assumed without a murmur that every Englishman on the subcontinent was honest, upright, and pure; and Forster at a time when such assumptions were beginning to be questioned, when such questions were buzzing like a cloud of flies in the unquiet bazaars beyond the safe, though threatened, cantonments. Moreover, both Kipling and Forster were aware of the vast land that lay outside the cantonment walls, with its powerful draw so feared—or disdained—by the foreign rulers.

Kipling had penetrated that barrier as a child; little wonder that his heroes were so often children, with that clear, fresh look upon life of infancy. Forster had been a mere visitor, but one with a voracious—and informed—appetite for the country: he had sampled betel leaves, he had read Tagore and Iqbal, he lived in a Hindu raja's court and visited Moslem friends in small towns and universities. Scott, for all his military background, lacked Forster's energy and perhaps his intellectual curiosity, and confined himself to the cantonment world in which he was chiefly interested. It was not merely a matter of interest, but of empathy. He understood what went on in the minds of the British officers, who saw Indians only as servants to bring their gin and tonic to them, or to polish their boots. None of his portraits of Indians shows a like understanding. He wrote of anglicized Indians and of Indian servants; he had no knowledge of Indians who were neither.

This distinction remains intact in the immensely popular television film based on his books, *The Jewel in the Crown*. The portrayal of the British characters—memsahibs gossiping over cups of tea on the veranda, dusty but undaunted missionaries in the field, above all the soldiers and officers in enforced and uneasy proximity in the military camps—is impeccable. But not one of the Indian characters strikes me as genuine. The anglicized ones, the ones Scott met and knew, come closest to being so; but the attempt to create a wholly Indian character like Pandit Baba fails

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appallingly. And the whole thing is buried under such a suffocating weight of melodrama, unlikely coincidence, and heavy-handed and repetitious symbolism that it sinks into nothing more distinguished than upscale soap opera.

THE CAMERA is said to have brought about the revival of interest in the raj. (The word, incidentally, is not used by Indians. They know it means only rule, or empire, not specifically British rule and empire; India has known a Moslem raj, a Mogul raj . . . Indians demand to know *whose* raj.) But the camera has also distorted it more grossly even than memory distorts truth. The camera *can* lie. The entrancing landscapes of *The Far Pavilions* and *The Jewel in the Crown* exist, yes, but not as they do on the screen. There it is as if they had been viewed through tinted glass, through a filter, from inside an air-conditioned chamber; the physical aspects are captured, but devoid of temperature, climate, texture, odor. It is as if the rough homespun rags on our bodies, with their stains, are all turned to silk, satin, and brocade. It works the other way, too. Real jewelry is reduced to junk, to tinsel; independent people with lives of their own, and minds and views, become subservient, peripheral, in order to let the heroes and heroines stand out. One can only view it all as one might a picture on a wall, that can be admired or loathed but not felt or experienced.

When I saw *Gandhi* in a New Delhi cinema hall, the audience—far from weeping, as I'm told audiences in the West did—actually spent the entire time jumping up and shouting, "That's Nehru?" "Is that Nehru?" "Yes, it *is*!" and laughing at the absurdity of the likeness. Nobody for one moment took it for reality because, after all, they had known the real thing, and could see that this was not it. Oh, the film was praised, and it was enjoyed, and everyone felt flattered at this attention given our history by a white man, and by white audiences; but no one ever said that now the Indian freedom movement had been documented, or Gandhi's charisma captured, or a historical period framed for posterity.

It was simply an entertainment based on a few historical facts, and not very different from the entertainments that come to us from the Madras and Bombay studios, built around the lives of mythological heroes or folk heroes of more recent times. But these are at least authentic fantasy; they do not pretend to be the Truth. Richard Attenborough suffered from no such modesty of ambition. After the premiere, those of the audience who wished to meet him could do so by entering a white cloth pavilion in which he was seated in white Indian garments. As on entering a temple, they were required to remove their shoes at the entrance.

THE WEST makes a gross error when it takes this fantasy world for the real world. No hint is given of the possibility of another viewpoint. As Barbara Grizzuti Harrison wrote last spring,

> We are encouraged to believe that the making of these films is England's way of coming to terms with, or making peace with, its colonial enterprise. That's nice—or it would be nice if it made sense; but it takes two parties to make peace. . . . It's for the Indians to forgive the British, not for the British to forgive themselves. We don't congratulate rapists for forgiving their victims.

David Lean obviously did not feel as she does, when he arbitrarily altered the ending of Forster's story by making the Indian and the Englishman clasp hands and declare their friendship. Nor did he make any apology for this act of sacrilege; on the contrary, he has gone on record as saying, more or less, that he believes he has "improved" Forster. What he is admitting is that he feels he has improved history as well; all that was disquieting and dismaying about the British presence in India has not been merely forgiven, but has been given the ultimate insult of being ignored as well.

The entire exercise of filming *A Passage to India* followed this pattern. Lean did not think that the actual caves near Patna were cinematic enough, and preferred to blast holes into prehistoric rocks of untold scientific importance a thousand miles away. Adela is no longer a plain, unattractive woman—so plain and unattractive that no one can believe that Aziz would want to rape her—but blossoms into prettiness, while her behavior is accounted for by photographing some hideous papier-mâché statuary passed off as erotic art. Impatient (and uncomprehending) of the mystery of Mrs. Moore's revelation, Lean reduces it to the fidgets, or moodiness, of old age. Godbole, the character who personified all of Hinduism to Forster, is played like a fool by Alec Guinness in absurd garments, mouthing banalities that Lean no doubt considered profound. Victor Banerjee, who has given fine performances for other directors, is made to act like a demented monkey; Lean's direction is an insult to him. Peggy Ashcroft's attempt to make amends in her acceptance speech at the Academy Awards ceremony was sabotaged, and Banerjee not allowed to read out her tribute to India.

Yet this grotesquely butchered film of the book earned a popularity the book did not have. One cannot be blamed for suspecting that Lean's version of the raj is preferred to Forster's. It has now been released in India and led audiences to wonder if Lean's attitudes are not what account for its Western popularity. Similarly, Salman Rushdie reacted loudly and angrily to this version of India. This is not because he has set himself up as Britain's Angry Young Spokesman of the Dark Races, as has been implied by many in England and in America, but because he has a passion for history (as is evidenced by both his novels to date), and because he believes such "notions of history must be quarrelled with, as loudly and embarrassingly as possible." The particular "notion" he protests against is "the fantasy that the British empire represented something 'noble' or 'great' about Britain; that it was, in spite of all its flaws and meannesses and bigotries, fundamentally glamorous." It is precisely that notion that Lean, Attenborough, M. M. Kaye et al. have been selling for all it is worth.

EVIDENTLY it is worth a great deal: not merely an endless string of awards, but the peripheral industries it has encouraged—tourism, food, fashion, and all the attendant media. I defy any Indian to find an authentic Indian touch in any of the high-fashion garments recently floated in the West (the women of England are not going to drag around in the mud and slush wrapped in saris, nor will American youngsters spend their time washing and ironing Indian cottons and homespun—and why should they?), or to discover an authentic Indian flavor in any of the dishes served up as Indian. (Only a certain school of Indian cooking that fits under the heading *tandoori* is thought to be acceptable to Western palates; like Chinese cuisine, there are whole areas of Indian food—the regional delicacies of Bengal, Gujarat, Tamil Nadu, and more—that are

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never presented to foreigners.) It appears that India is simply the name of a new sauce, piquant and "different," chosen by the fashionable world (which exists, of course, only in the West) to flavor the fare with which it had grown a bit bored. Anything brightly colored, highly flavored, hot and strident, resounding with drums and sitars, can be packaged and sold over the counter as "Indian."

IF THIS India-of-the-West, by-the-West, and for-the-West is not really India, then why not let Indians present a "true" picture of India? The Festival of India—held in Britain in 1982, launched in France and across America this year, and slated for the Soviet Union in 1987—of course has motives of trade and diplomacy. Still, its organizers, who have conceived it in cultural terms, certainly feel that the exhibitions and performances will be a corrective to the artificial, commercial, distorted India of the Western mind.

No one doubts that they will be instructive, particularly some of the large museum shows; they were designed to reveal the India that existed long before anyone saw a white face on the subcontinent, the India that continues to exist after the departure of the last of them. Unfortunately one cannot quite suppress an uneasy feeling that the Indian version too is, if not exactly distorted, then lopsided. It is what has been selected, very carefully, from all the bewildering welter of material, to send to the West. We, too, are choosing a certain "image" of India—ancient India, mythic India, artistic India, ethnic India, colorful and amusing and serious and impressive India.

This is probably unavoidable. No single exhibition or concert can possibly cover the entire gamut of Indian life and art. A festival of such gigantic proportions has to be kaleidoscopic, not least because the events are to be scattered across continents over a period of two years, and no viewer will be able to see more than a few of them. Each will give the kaleidoscope one or two twists, no more. It is an approach that Popul Jayakar, the chairman of the festival committee, has called "holistic."

There are those who quarrel with her notion. M. F. Husain, the most senior among India's contemporary artists, sniffs that "she only thinks anything which is 5,000 years old is art." He objects to the emphasis of the main exhibitions on India's past glory. The sculptures from the Mogul empire are easily the most impressive part of the show. The programs for presenting modern India—a film festival, a science exhibition, some exhibitions of contemporary art—are on a much smaller scale. It is fairly obvious that the festival committee did not think they would impress.

ONE element will perforce remain missing, and that is the setting for all the arts of India—the spiritual setting. India has produced, strictly speaking, no works of art—sculpture, music, painting, architecture. All are works of worship. Even if it were possible to transport the temples and the shrines across the seas and set them up in museums and halls, their vital element would be missing. That is their element of belief, so total as to be instinctive and unconscious, too total to be imparted or shared. How can one create this aura of religious belief in the West, where art has been for centuries secular? Notes and guides cannot make up for the loss. Perhaps the intensity of the performers and their performances and the quality of the art objects can convey some glimpse of it. When a statue is removed from a temple (there was a fierce outcry when it was learned that some of the sculpture to be sent abroad was from living temples), or a *mela*, an outdoor fair, is held simply for its own sake and not because it celebrates a religious festival, parts of Indian culture are deprived of their living quality, turned into mere exhibits.

The festival is India's official answer to the West's commercial/entertainment India. One must point out that it does not have the blessings of all Indians. There are those who feel that a festival ought to be held in India, to inform and entertain Indians; there is no shortage here of ignorance or dullness. Others feel it is a criminal waste of money desperately required elsewhere. One leader (who happens to be a swami) of the laborers who work in the stone quarries outside Delhi led a group of 300 of these men and women into the lobby of the Taj Mahal hotel, accompanied by a bear and two monkeys, and said they wished to hold a festival of their own. There was a commotion in the lobby as the management whisked the guests away and suggested the laborers go out onto the lawn to stage their entertainment, which they stoutly refused to do, seating themselves in the restaurant

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and demanding to be served refreshments there.

It was the Taj group of hotels that had sponsored the visit of Munna, the trained bear, to Paris for the festival, at a cost that had been reported in the papers, arousing gasps. The bear had not only been fed on honey and the like, but shampooed and kept in an air-conditioned room to "acclimatize" it. The latest reports are that it was kidnapped by a group of animal lovers in Paris who claimed that it was cruel to make it dance on the streets of Paris; eventually it was found in an animals' home outside the French capital. Some Indians expressed outrage on learning it had been offered chicken to eat by its rescuers, who were ignorant of its vegetarian habits, and so it starved. Indian officials, who arranged to have it and its trainer shipped back to India, complained that this incident had undone all the good that was done by the festival. The story seems to exemplify so well the muddle inherent in an East-West confrontation so contrived, so lacking in spontaneity.

THE festival in France was launched by the inauguration of a *mela* that stretched from the Eiffel Tower through the Trocadero Gardens; it had food stalls, folk dance performances, music, elephants, and camels. Parisians, looking slightly bewildered, chewed sugarcane, ate off leaf plates, patted Munna the bear, and exclaimed *"Très intéressante!"* and *"Très charmante!"* (There was at least one Parisian who grumbled that by pouring Ganges water into the Seine at the inauguration, Rajiv Gandhi had polluted the Seine, to which the latter angrily replied that the water came from Gangotri, the source of the Ganges, where the water was at its purest and holiest.) Back in India, Indians fumed that the festival organizers had pandered to the belief held in the West that India is the land only of the exotic and the ethnic, that the West would look upon India as backward and tribal just when India was so anxious to seem modern and progressive (with a new beginning made by a new political leader), that the festival had reproduced for the West the scorn of the urban, "sophisticated" Indian for the villager, of the automobile owner for the bullock cart driver, of the computer expert for the woodcutter and the shepherd.

Here lies an awkward truth. Indians are angered by the image of India passively accepted by Western audiences; they would like to present the India of their own experience instead. But the West is not interested in the India of Indians. When, for example, the classical dance form of Kathakali was performed by the Kerala Kalamandalam in Washington, it sent "a handpicked audience of 2,500 of high society glitterati at the Kennedy Center to sleep," according to M. J. Akbar of the *Telegraph*. Western audiences also turned their backs on an Indian film of the raj—Satyajit Ray's film version of Tagore's *The Home and the World*. It has been shown in England and France and the United States to a polite but hardly enthusiastic reception.

Apparently the general public is willing to accept and enjoy only the India that comes in sugar coating, that is easy to swallow. And the raj is the sugar coating. It has the whiteness of sugar, and to some—to many—the sweetness. It is not only the most recent period of India's past, but is also linked to the West by the white man's experience, his areas of interest. It is easily grasped, simple: there is the trader, there is the trade; there is the soldier, there is the battle, the victory, the flag. It is, as the film critic Chidanand Das Gupta remarked, "cowboys and Indians" all over again.

It is as far, in any event, as most Europeans and Americans wish to go. Beyond that, they feel, lies the jungle. And they know instinctively that the jungle is not simple, that India is not simple. It is open, it is public and vocal, but it is not simple. On its surface is the drab, humdrum, uninviting life of everyday and everyman that is so impenetrable to the visitor and the tourist. But to go beneath that surface is to descend into the alarming darkness of its many languages, religions, castes, tribes, myths, legends, and customs—into that basket of coiled snakes and those temples of many-limbed gods that no one wishes to disturb.

THINNING RANKS

Socialism and America
by Irving Howe

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 225 pp., $17.95)

A lively young woman, the recent graduate of a small, well-regarded liberal arts college, expresses surprise on discovering that her newly acquired socialist sympathies have a long history in America, considerably antedating her birth. A member of the Democratic Socialists of America, upon hearing that today there are probably fewer active socialists in the country than at any time in the past century, indignantly retorts that DSA membership has increased since 1980 to nearly 15,000.

The typically American historical shortsightedness of these responses is irritating, but one could, I suppose, see in them evidence of the eternal freshness and ever-renewed vigor of the socialist ideal, dismissing my own vexation as middle-aged "grumbling about defeats, mistakes, betrayals," as Irving Howe describes the attitude of the Old Guard toward the youthful militants in the Socialist Party way back in the early 1930s.

But no matter. Ignorance and lack of a historical understanding of socialism in America, however one chooses to interpret them, are effectively dispelled by Howe's new book. He has culled the voluminous scholarship available and summarized it with superb economy, maintaining a level of commentary that nearly always strikes a judicious balance between criticism of the errors and the shortcomings of the socialists of the past and a large-spirited allowance for the particular historical constraints under which they acted. Few people are able, on any subject, to write this kind of broad-gauged historical interpretation, one eye always cocked for contemporary relevances, with anything like Howe's combination of eloquence, sensitivity, and fundamental fairness. And his scrupulousness in anticipating the objections to his own conclusions virtually disarms the reader.

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Howe's first and longest chapter deals, appropriately enough, with the Socialist Party in the days of Eugene Debs, the one period when for a short time the future of socialism in America looked almost radiant, as the party won a respectable third-party vote in presidential elections, elected a host of people to lesser offices ranging from small-town mayors to big-city aldermen and members of Congress, and supported a large number of publications throughout the country. This hopeful era came to an abrupt end with the party's split over the war, government repression of the antiwar Socialists, the further split over the Bolshevik Revolution, and the emergence in the early 1920s of the Communist Party as a rival out of the old Socialist left-wing. The Socialists underwent a brief revival in the early 1930s, to which Howe devotes another full chapter; but despite Norman Thomas's impressive stature, the party was eviscerated by the New Deal, and by the Communist switch after 1935 to the Popular Front line.

HOWE includes a short chapter on the "brilliant masquerade" of the Popular Front, drawing in part on the still-valuable history of the American Communist Party that he coauthored with Lewis Coser over 25 years ago. He has no illusions, of course, that the Communists were ever really supporters of democratic socialism as distinct from the Soviet Union fair or foul. Still, he thinks it a "bitter irony" that "if ever we are to see a resurgent democratic left in America, it will have more to learn tactically from the Popular Front initiated by the Stalinists than from those political ancestors whose integrity we admire."

He misses, I think, the full irony. The Popular Front was successful in the United States and elsewhere because it mobilized people who were alarmed by the fascist threat abroad. Since 1945 there has been a comparable threat from Soviet totalitarianism. A successful emulation of the Popular Front tactic, therefore, would presumably try to mobilize anti-Communists—a policy more congenial to the right than to the left, which Howe fails to explore.

And there is a further irony. The Popular Front exploited patriotic themes on behalf of the left that were turned against its erstwhile supporters during the McCarthy period after the war. Even today leftists like to invoke Henry Luce's phrase "the American Century" as an indication, supposedly, of American "imperialist" aspirations. They fail to consider, however, that the slogan was very possibly suggested to Luce by a member of the large Communist cell at *Time-Life* during the war years. I remember well what seemed to me the rather exaggerated insistence on their own pristine basic "Americanism" by liberals under fire from McCarthyite patrioteers. This was right after a major war, to be sure; but the Popular Front line undoubtedly helped legitimate some of the more questionable jingoistic rhetoric of those unlamented times.

Moving from the historical record to the more enduring causes of the failure of American socialism, Howe provides a succinct yet comprehensive rundown of the various answers to that venerable question—"Why is there no socialism in the United States?" Each answer is duly considered: the lack of a feudal past; prosperity; upward mobility; the Turner thesis about the frontier; the American political system; ethnic divisions in the working class resulting from mass immigration; American values as a surrogate socialist ideology. Howe tends to conflate the arguments of "no feudal past" and "born free" (or universal manhood suffrage from America's beginnings), but his effort to weigh these factors and to give each its due is impressive. Of the "objective" or institutional factors, I think he is entirely right in attaching less importance to the economic achievements of American capitalism than to the inhospitality of the American political system to the electoral prospects of new insurgent ideological parties.

BUT Howe's most original contribution to this continuing debate—which sometimes I feel I have been listening to all of my life—is his claim for the priority of subjective, cultural beliefs over the objective conditions so beloved of Marxists and economic historians like Werner Sombart. In stressing the depths of the American belief in individualism, Howe draws on his literary scholarship to avoid the socialists' usually facile and moralistic stigmatization of individualism as merely "possessive" or "acquisitive," and thus at odds with a noble altruistic devotion to collective purposes. Howe proposes Emerson as the philosopher of American individualism, and understands how deeply the American vision of man

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as "a self-creating and self-sufficient being fulfilled through his unmediated relation to nature and God" is implicated in American experience. He also understands how antagonistic this vision is to socialist communitarianism, although he wistfully observes that if socialists can't beat it they may perhaps be able to join it by making their "vision of the good society seem a fulfillment of that myth." Howe's agility in concisely summarizing the debate over American "exceptionalism" is exemplary, but his discussion of Emersonianism achieves the more difficult feat of saying something genuinely new on the subject.

THE QUESTION about the lack of socialism in America no longer seems urgent, or even especially meaningful. (Doubtless I think this because for me what Howe calls "the socialist idea" lost its credibility some time ago, although I was an active socialist in my youth in Canada, if a fairly moderate one.) "No socialism" in America has always meant no powerful socialist party or movement; socialism has not supplanted capitalism in any democratic country, not even in Sweden. The original assumption behind the question—which, Howe reminds us, was actually raised by Marx himself—was that since the United States was the most purely capitalist or bourgeois society of all, it ought to manifest in particularly salient form the "contradictions" and class conflicts that Marxists regarded as inherent in capitalism. Marxist forecasts about the future of capitalism have repeatedly been falsified; by now only a minority of true believers still cling to them. There is no longer any reason, therefore, to continue to regard American exceptionalism as somehow anomalous.

The question always implied also an empirical contrast between America and Europe, where socialist and communist parties have been major contenders for office for the better part of this century, the former winning office much, even most, of the time in a few countries, and occasionally in others. But the contrast is frequently overdrawn. The European parties of the left have largely abandoned in practice, and sometimes in theory as well, the goal of replacing capitalism with a radically new and different social order. The American labor movement, on the other hand, as well as the post-New Deal liberalism of the Democratic Party, has been described by none other than Michael Harrington as "our invisible social democracy." At the moment, moreover, the European socialist parties are not doing particularly well, nor (outside of Scandinavia) did they in the 1930s, when the New Deal also inspired reformers on the other side of the Atlantic.

Howe contends that a "visible," openly socialist or social democratic party might have created here—might still create here—a stronger, more far-reaching welfare state that would match those achieved in Europe. I wonder. Britain and Germany had paternalistic pre-socialist traditions of state spending on welfare. France had a nonsocialist revolutionary statist tradition. The appropriateness of the comparisons between the United States and European nations, habitual indulgences of American liberals and socialists, remains doubtful. Sweden, a small, ethnically homogeneous country of less than ten million people, perhaps should be compared to Wisconsin or to Oregon, rather than to a vast, continental nation with a population of nearly 250 million. Counterfactual speculation is always a risky, if necessary, undertaking; but I strongly suspect that if the Socialist Party had displaced the Democrats in the 1920s as Labor did the Liberals in Britain, the selfsame conditions that account for the failures of socialism in America would have imposed restrictions even on a welfare state sponsored by declared Socialists. (Howe, incidentally, equates the "welfare state" much too loosely with government intervention in the market economy per se, rather than confining the term to transfer payments or the provision of goods or services financed out of tax revenues. There is, after all, a strong statist tradition in the major European nations that is not only pre-socialist, but pre-capitalist, too.)

ALTHOUGH four of the six essays in *Socialism and America* deal with the past, and scarcely touch upon events since the 1930s, Howe makes plain in his preface that he regards the book as more than a history. He intends it as "a modest contribution toward the renewal of socialist thought." He seeks a redefinition of socialism, to go beyond the defense or extension of the welfare state but at the same time to avoid the shadowy utopianism that has lent itself to merely ritualistic affirmations on the one hand and ruthlessly manipulative Communist millenarianism on the other.

Howe notes that socialists of his generation, in recoil from Stalinism, tend to define socialism negatively, which he then proceeds to do. Socialism is not historically inevitable; the abolition of capitalism and of private property are not necessarily liberating; visions of the total transformation of humanity are dangerous; the working class is not the main agency of social change; nationalization of industry is not "an equivalent or even a precondition of socialism"; economic planning is not uniquely socialist nor necessarily desirable in many spheres from the standpoint of both democracy and economic efficiency. One might well wonder what is left of socialism if these three p's—public ownership, planning, and proletariat—are so readily dismissed as not essential to it. Surely, these have been almost the defining criteria of socialist belief in the past, and they largely remain so today to the dwindling number of believers in Western countries.

HOWE'S redefined version of socialism involves a combination of "market socialism" and what has been variously called "workers' control," "economic democracy," and in France, *autogestion*. Howe draws on several Eastern European economists alert to the failures of command economies in their own countries, and on Alec Nove's *The Economics of Feasible Socialism*, a brilliant book by a Scotsman of Russian origin who is an authority on the Soviet economy—a book that has not received the attention it deserves. The ideas presented are attractive, thoroughly democratic in spirit, more syndicalist than traditionally socialist, considerably at odds with Marxism, and realistic in the sense that they provide workable models of political economies for modern industrial societies.

Whether workers' self-management in a free though benignly regulated market economy is also a realistic goal capable of energizing a mass movement or political party that is heir to the traditional centralist socialism of the past is another matter. In one of the few touches of polemical asperity that Howe permits himself, he complains that "there is one argument . . . against self-management that seems to me peculiarly insidious; it is offered, as you might expect, by ex-radicals, and its main thrust is that workers 'show little interest' in the idea." (One can almost catch

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the echoes of "turncoat" or "renegade" in that reference to ex-radicals!) Howe proceeds to point out that widespread nonvoting does not invalidate political democracy.

But the analogy between democracy in the state and democracy in the workplace is dubious, as was argued, it so happens, by Bob Blair in the summer issue of *Dissent*, the journal Howe edits. It is perhaps especially questionable where stable political democracy and free trade unions already exist, as in the United States and other Western capitalist countries. But even if workers' control were universally instituted, I doubt that it would make the much-vaunted enormous difference in the outlook and the everyday lives of the workers; not everyone revels in the joys of participatory decision-making, at least not all the time. Economic democracy is most likely to provide, rather, an additional set of checks and balances against arbitrary power, in this case that of the managers of economic enterprises. Its virtues will be primarily negative. It remains an altogether worthy project, but unlikely to support the immense burden of utopian hope carried in the past by "the socialist idea."

Nor is it easy to see how workers' control could be introduced from above by a socialist party elected to office. Howe's unshakable democratic commitment also compels him to recognize that a socialist government may depend on the support of voters who want only limited reforms. These considerations require abandonment of the vision of socialism as a social order radically different from capitalism, and of the notion of capitalism and socialism as thoroughgoing opposites. Nor is there any point in continuing to identify socialism with "basic social transformation" or "fundamental structural change"; nor even in talking of "a socialist society" or, for that matter, of "capitalist society"; nor in contemplating what might be involved in the "transition" from capitalism to socialism, as if this represented a movement from one clearly defined condition to another utterly distinct one. Howe's own arguments suggest that we should give up these ways of thinking and talking, although he cannot quite bring himself to drop the familiar vocabulary.

The necessity for renouncing the old categories is also imposed by the total rejection of the old faith that history is moving toward the realization of the socialist ideal. Howe, who is not a Marxist, makes it clear that he cherishes no such assumption. So does Michael Harrington, who still calls himself a Marxist. I remember Norman Thomas, who was never a Marxist, insisting long ago in the 1940s that "socialism is desirable, not inevitable." The renunciation of the idea of inevitability does intellectual and moral credit to all these men. But there is quite a distance between iron inevitability and mere desirability. What about socialism's probability?

It seems to me that contemporary socialists, including devotees of the various Western or "humanist" brands of Marxism, are not sufficiently aware of how much has been lost in surrendering the belief in at least a master trend toward socialism, replacing it with a willed, voluntaristic affirmation. The

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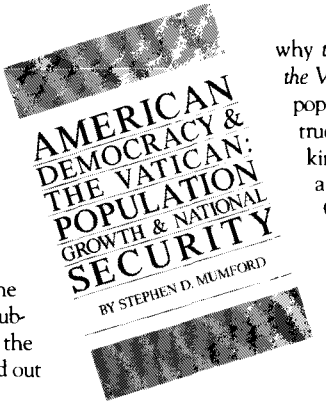

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latter may appear high-minded and even noble; but it may also seem vain and quixotic, without the specification of a firm basis in social reality. Marx may have been wrong about the inevitability of capitalist collapse, but he understood better than many of his latter-day epigoni what it took to move millions of men and women to revolutionary action, or even to a readiness to take a chance on a radically new order of things.

Irving Howe has in the past written powerful and moving requiems: for the Jewish immigrants to America in *World of Our Fathers*, for Yiddish literature in essays and introductions to anthologies, for the New York intellectuals in what was the first and is still the best full-length treatment of them as a group. He may not have intended *Socialism and America* as another requiem, but it is one all the same.

DENNIS WRONG

Dennis Wrong is professor of sociology at New York University.

LADYE, JOHN, AND PUDDLE

Our Three Selves: The Life of Radclyffe Hall by Michael Baker

(Morrow, 386 pp., $17.95)

Una Troubridge: The Friend of Radclyffe Hall by Richard Ormrod

(Carroll & Graf, 340 pp., $18.95)

When Una Troubridge was buried in the English Cemetery in Rome in 1963, a memorial plate proclaimed, " 'There is no death'—Radclyffe Hall." Troubridge would have preferred to have been buried next to her friend in a Highgate crypt with the inscription, "The friend of Radclyffe Hall."

Michael Baker and Richard Ormrod have written two very different books about these singularly unattractive women. Radclyffe Hall emerges from Michael Baker's pages as difficult, fierce, almost repellent. Born in 1880, the child of an American widow and an English dilettante known as "Rat," Marguerite Radclyffe Hall experienced rejection almost from birth. Her parents separated when she was still an infant, and her father never evinced more than a passing interest in her. The chief purpose of her childhood was to serve as the victim of her mother's tantrums, and when an Italian singing master eventually appeared as her stepfather, he remained disdainfully aloof from her.

The girl showed an aptitude for music, but was given no formal training; in fact, her entire education seems to have been airily overlooked, and she never learned to spell. When she was 21 she came into an inheritance and moved into her own flat. She had always been addressed by a series of nicknames, but with independence she began to create her own persona, adopting permanently the name of John and discarding frilly Edwardian gowns for severely tailored suits, although she could not summon up courage to cut off her hair until she was 40. She also abruptly joined the Roman Catholic Church.

After a series of girlish crushes, John met her first real love in Bad Homburg in 1907. Mabel Batten was a 50-year-old grandmother, an overripe beauty who was rumored to have once had an affair with Edward VII, and who was known as "Ladye" for her imperious ways. John was immediately attracted to her self-confident raffishness. The following year, on a trip to Brussels, they became lovers. For the next nine years "dear Abroad" represented freedom from the stern eye of bourgeois British society.

They set up house together; and with the passing of the years, Ladye, languid and self-indulgent, used her chronic ailments to tie John to her with demands for attention. It was inevitable that John's eye would stray. The woman on whom it lit was a cousin of Ladye, Una Troubridge, the wife of an admiral, whom she encountered at a London tea party in 1915. With her husband away at sea, Una was free to succumb to the delights of their mutual infatuation. The distraught Ladye, however, died of a stroke after a quarrel in which she reproached John for her infidelity. John was overwhelmed with guilt. Ladye, who had become extremely tiresome while alive, was now beatified in death. After joining the Society for Psychical Research, John contacted a medium, through whom she communicated with her inamorata twice a week until almost the end of her life. For months it looked as though Una was going to be sacrificed on the widow's pyre. Tenacity and cunning, however, won out. Una entered enthusiastically into the spiritual communion with Ladye, who bestowed her blessing on them.

> John (to medium): Tell her [Ladye] that her influence over me was very great.
>
> Medium: She [Ladye] thinks Una's influence was and is good and she likes to think that Una is with you.
>
> John: Tell her I mean her, not Una.
>
> Medium: But she means Una, and she says again that her influence is good.

The couples were faced with numerous difficulties in establishing a permanent union. For one thing, Una had an inconvenient daughter who had to be shuffled among various relatives, to say nothing of a husband—though Admiral Troubridge eventually agreed to a separation after they threatened him with a public scandal. Then objections were raised within the Society for Psychical Research that their reports of séances with Ladye were fraudulent. In 1920 one member, George Lane Fox-Pitt, insinuated (at the instigation of Una's estranged husband) that Ladye and John had had an immoral relationship. John immediately launched a slander action against him, just as Oscar Wilde had done against the Marquis of Queensbury. Like Wilde, she was playing with fire. Taking advantage of the idealization of women, she gambled that Fox-Pitt would not be able to bring himself to declare publicly what he had implied privately. Her instinct was right, and Fox-Pitt also played into her hands by his inept handling of the case.

In 1922 John published her first semi-autobiographical novel, *After Many Days*, the story of a girl who sacrifices a fulfilled life with another woman be-

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cause of an exigent mother. The relationship of Joan Ogden and her parent is so explicitly erotic that it is clearly based on John's relationship with Ladye. (Baker is probably right in his surmise that John's creativity would have been stifled if Ladye had lived.) As in all her books, the men are depicted as spineless wimps.

Undoubtedly feeling uncomfortable about her hypocrisy in the Fox-Pitt case, John decided to write a book centered unambiguously on the sexual relationship of two women. In 1928 she sent the manuscript of *The Well of Loneliness* to her publisher, Newman Flower of Cassell, enclosing a covering letter in which she declared that she was aware that the story of a "born invert" had never been attempted before, and while she had avoided "all unnecessary coarseness," she had not used any camouflage. She emphasized that she would not allow a single word to be altered. Flower nervously refused to consider publishing such controversial material, even though she tantalized him with the possibility that Havelock Ellis might endorse it. It was eventually picked up by Jonathan Cape, and also accepted by Blanche Knopf for American publication. The first British reviews were surprisingly tolerant and restrained. Then James Douglas, editor of the *Sunday Express*, thundered out that the book was an "intolerable outrage" and must be suppressed.

Prosecution by the home secretary followed. Havelock Ellis refused to testify, although he had been persuaded to write a "commentary" for the novel. Intimidated by the suppression of his psychological study, *Sexual Inversion*, in 1898, he had been forced to agree never to publish any of his sex books in Britain. George Bernard Shaw, while professing sympathy, declared that it would be pointless for him to take the stand with the law as it then stood. (He had displayed the same declamatory timidity during the obscenity trial of *Sexual Inversion*.) Almost everyone had some excuse for avoiding involvement. *The Well of Loneliness*, predictably, was banned (until 1949), and Knopf reneged on its contract, although the novel was later cleared by an American court. But Radclyffe Hall became a celebrity, and most newspaper readers were familiar with photographs of her close-cropped head, aquiline profile, and masculine garb. Viewing herself as a martyr, she made stagy appearances at first nights, accompanied by Una, who now sported a monocle. The enormous royalties that flowed in from her books made it possible for them to indulge their expensive tastes and restless quest for the one ideal abode.

SOME of the reviewers of *The Well of Loneliness* complained of the author's propagandist aims. Baker himself uses his account of its publication and trial as a mild polemic. While he describes the novel as "a book of high moral purpose," he does not claim much literary merit for this story of female pariahs. Yet he lays the blame for its failure not on Radclyffe Hall's feeble talent, but on Havelock Ellis. John, in his estimation, weakened the credibility of the protagonists by portraying them as Ellis's lesbian stereotypes—"nervy, artistic, boyish in manner and looks, deep-voiced, capable of whistling, and prone to deeply felt, longstanding attachments" (a passage taken almost verbatim from my own biography of Ellis).

Baker believes that the characteristics would have been more convincing if Radclyffe Hall had drawn on her own experience. This is an untenable argument. Radclyffe Hall was in total agreement with Ellis about women's autonomous sexual needs, but she possessed more understanding of how female inverts view themselves. The idealized lovers of her book, Mary and Stephen (based partly on Una and John), represent opposite, but apparently perfectly natural, types of female inverts—the masculine and feminine principles as Radclyffe Hall perceived them. The genius Stephen is the dominant figure, while Mary is her dependent but emotionally supportive partner. Such a pattern was clearly based on current heterosexual bonding; and these happened to be the roles into which John and Una fell in their shared life.

What Baker misses entirely is an aspect of an invert's existence that both Radclyffe Hall and Ellis's collaborator, John Addington Symonds (himself a homosexual), knew only too well—that "the loneliest place in the world is the no-man's land of sex." While *The Well of Loneliness* tends to be platitudinous and sentimental, its strength lies in the intensity with which it conveys this devastating isolation. Radclyffe Hall may talk about male and female principles,

Canoeing With My Brother

for Jeremy

A bullfrog's low reverberation
draws us toward the inkblot of the shore.
Nothing has changed since we were boys:
the beam of the flashlight in the mist
bounces off the water, up into the trees,
then spotlights him, a paddle's length away,

a Buddha on a heart-shaped lily pad.
Though he's been calling for a mate all night,
his eyes are absent of desire. The light
spreads through his limbs, paralyzing him,
except his throat, which pulses slightly.
His milky belly bulges against the leaf.

Years ago, we would have smacked him with a paddle
and later cut his legs off, peeled the skin
from braided flesh, like long green rubber gloves—
white and red-veined as they turned inside-out
down to the tips of the long, bony toes.
These legs he would have died for

are folded into compact Z's. His arms
look atrophied, vestigial in contrast,
the hands turned inward like the hands
of an aikido master or someone
in a Japanese tea ceremony
"sitting seiza," just about to bow.

Another frog, nearby, starts bellowing.
"He'll never do it with us next to him,"
my brother whispers. But just then
his throat swells bigger than a chicken egg,
and with no change of expression,
with no expression at all, he starts to sing.

Jeffrey Harrison

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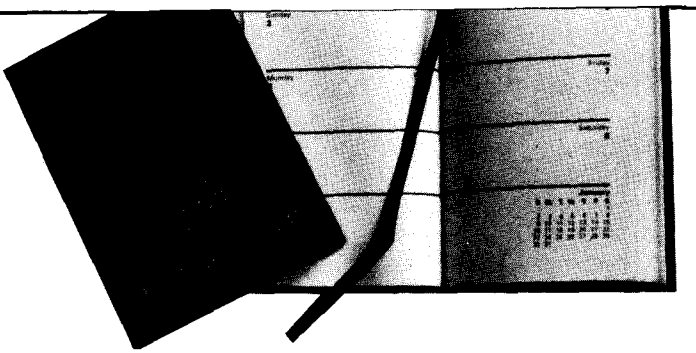
but ultimately she suggests no solution to the outsider's predicament. Unfortunately, the novel's impact is attenuated by overblown and ornate language, romanticized characters, and stilted dialogue. Even a great novelist like E. M. Forster allowed himself to sink into bathos when he used *Maurice* as a proselytizing medium. But for Baker to describe the book as one of "high moral purpose" is rubbish.

Baker does not disguise his fundamental dislike of Una and John. The material he selects emphasizes their least attractive qualities—their selfishness, snobbery, self-absorption, and the self-deceiving way in which they elevated their unruly emotions into the language of hyperbolic religiosity. He has great difficulty in portraying Una, who veers between a cipher and an arrogant bitch. On the other hand, Richard Ormrod's depiction of the two women is perhaps too sympathetic. In his attempt to stress their normality and their middle-class values, he minimizes their tempestuous scenes and contemptuous treatment of those they considered their inferiors. He could have pointed out, perhaps, that their admiration of Mussolini and their anti-Semitism were attitudes intrinsic to the circles in which they moved. Still, his book is far more reflective than Baker's somewhat superficial study, and masterly in its control of narrative pace.

ORMROD has also taken on a greater challenge in focusing on Una, who inevitably fades into the shadows when the houselights are directed on the more flamboyant John. She is an intriguing character in her own right. Seven years younger than John, she also was born into a Kensington household, although one that was considerably more cultivated. She adored her father, and probably married Troubridge, a widower years older than herself, to replace her beloved parent; though, as Ormrod wisely notes, no human being can serve as a substitute for another.

Una had considerable talent as a singer and sculptor. While she was able to pursue these interests in a desultory way during her marriage, she was vaguely unhappy as a naval hostess. Her health deteriorated into a long series of psychosomatic illnesses, although she did contract gonorrhea from her husband. It was with John that she finally experienced physical rapture. (Baker gingerly avoids all discussion of



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lesbian sexuality, whereas Ormrod displays extraordinary sensitivity in his understanding of female responsiveness.) In John, Una found an enduring focus for her life, and harbored no resentment that her creative gifts were totally subordinated to the woman whom she venerated as a genius. To possess John completely seemed to be all she wanted. Ormrod believes that they found total reciprocity in their shared Catholicism, their love of fixed habits, and the dogs for whom they had more affection than for people. Events were to prove, however, that 20 years of domesticity were not enough to satisfy the highly sexed John.

The Well of Loneliness was written with Una's full encouragement; but John, while making a defiant public proclamation, also felt guilty about a life of which her Church did not approve. As if in atonement, she wrote her next book, *The Master of the House*, as a parable of a Christlike carpenter. During its composition, in her overidentification with Christophe Benedit, she resolved to abstain from sex, ruthlessly locking her door against Una's clamorous pleas.

WHILE Una is portrayed as Mary in *The Well of Loneliness*, she is also the semi-slavey governess, "Puddle."

> Stephen's life in London had been one long endeavour, for work to her had become a narcotic. Puddle it was who had found the flat with the casement windows that looked on the river, and Puddle it was who now kept the accounts, paid the rent, settled bills and managed the servants; all these details Stephen calmly ignored and the faithful Puddle allowed her to do so. Like an aging and anxious Vestal Virgin, she tended the holy fire of inspiration, feeding the flame with suitable food,—good grilled meat, light puddings and much fresh fruit, varied by little painstaking surprises from Jackson's or Fortnum and Mason.

Una coped with the orgies of writing by encouraging John to regard her as indispensable. She did not face the fact, however, that her recurrent complaints (boils, piles, and so on) were now as aggravating to John as Ladye's ailments had been. Moreover, habit did not prepare Una for a devastating intrusion into their lives. In the summer of 1934 she became alarmed over John's symptoms of overwork, and persuaded her to take a holiday in Bagnoles, a Norman resort where they habitually recharged their batteries. Una, however, succumbed to enteritis, and in her concern that John was not receiving adequate attention, requested the American hospital in Paris to send them a nurse. Their relative tranquillity was shattered by the arrival of Evguenia Souline, a 30-year-old Russian refugee, whose plainness was compensated for by her efficiency. While the unsuspecting Una lay in bed, John's long-suppressed sexuality was finally released in a desperate adolescent passion that developed in less than a week. Shortly after Souline's return to Paris, John told her, "I am mad with love for a Chink-Faced White Russian."

During the next ten years Una learned to accept a three-sided relationship that would have been intolerable if she had not invested all her emotional resources in her lover. She even tried to like her rival, particularly difficult when she saw John suffering at the hands of an opportunistic woman who became intolerable in proportion to the degree of power she gained over Radclyffe Hall. Una, who viewed herself as John's muse, was disturbed to see her losing interest in work as she directed all her energies to bringing Souline to England on a permanent basis. Souline made only occasional sulky appearances during John's last illness in 1943.

Death brought out the best in both John and Una. John, dying of cancer of the colon, bore pain with remarkable fortitude, and Una nursed her so lovingly that they were reconciled in a greater tenderness than they had ever experienced. For Una, John's death seemed to remove any real reason for living. She wrote daily letters to her beloved, although she did not attempt any spiritual communication. She deliberately avoided safety during air raids, but was destined to eke out another 20 years of bleak existence. Souline (now married) continued to badger her for money, and she handled her firmly and fairly. Children of acquaintances remember a gray, spinsterish figure who knitted tiny socks for their dolls.

The bizarre life of the most famous lesbian couple of this century provides little insight into the nature of homosexuality, little material for any generalizations. These two books are valuable in dismantling a certain mythological aura that still surrounds the figure of Radclyffe Hall by revealing how far her views on race, class, and sexual relations were dependent upon her historical milieu and social background. Whether she and Una would have been happier in another, more emancipated era is another question. Probably not.

PHYLLIS GROSSKURTH

Phyllis Grosskurth's *Melanie Klein: Her World and Her Work* will be published this spring by Knopf.

POST-ARMAGEDDON ROMANCE

The New World, An Epic Poem by Frederick Turner

(Princeton University Press, 182 pp., $26, $9.95 paper)

Frederick Turner's *The New World* calls for a special welcome at the very least because it attempts something unusual. Contemporary poetry is overwhelmingly a matter of the short lyric, usually written in the first person and the present tense. A talent as restless and challenging as Turner's wouldn't have been content with that limitation for long. Although he has written lyrics, he is also the author of a science-fiction novel, *The Double Shadow*, and *The Return*, a book-length narrative poem about drug traffic in Cambodia. He has published a critical study of Shakespeare, and he spent several years as an editor of the revived *Kenyon Review*. Despite all this, *The New World* comes as a surprise. Turner's subtitle describes it as "an epic poem," and in fact what we get is a six-part science-fiction poem running nearly 200 pages.

Mr. Turner seems to be aware of the strangeness of his enterprise; the poem comes armed with a thumping introductory note to make sure we recognize

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what he has done. It will be hard, though, for readers not to feel mundane or spoilsport when they compare their own assessment of the book to Turner's apologia, which reads more like an accolade than an explanation or summary:

> The fundamental purpose of *The New World* is to demonstrate that a viable human future, a possible history, however imperfect, does lie beyond our present horizon of apparent cultural exhaustion and nuclear holocaust. Art has the world-saving function of imaginatively constructing other futures that do not involve the Götterdämmerung of mass suicide; because if there is no other imaginative future, we will surely indeed *choose* destruction, being as we are creatures of the imagination.
>
> To think of a poem doing something like this is to take a step beyond the short free verse existentialist imagist lyric poem which has dominated the modernist period in literature. That period is, perhaps, coming to an end—partly because its ideas, bold and splendid as they were, could not protect us from our threat to destroy ourselves. *The New World* is an epic poem, and is intended to serve as an opening to a post-modern creative era.

Hear-hear! And yet, isn't Turner asking too much of himself and his science-fiction poem?

HE GOES ON to explain why he has chosen to cast his narrative in verse rather than prose. In fact, I did wonder why it wasn't written as a novel, considering the success enjoyed by post-Armageddon works like Russell Hoban's *Riddley Walker* or Denis Johnson's *Fiskadoro*, or even the Mad Max movies. Turner says that he needed the resources of "meter, image, symbol and allusion; the poetic freedoms offered by figurative language and compression; the mysterious affective forces of dream and vision; and the poetic power to change the very ground rules of the game." Except for meter, all these are available for contemporary fiction (even meter: whole paragraphs of *The Waves* are written in iambic). In any case, Turner's metric is a special variant, an accentual line based on five main stresses, the unaccented syllables falling as they may. I think I can scan most of the stresses as he intends, even though the longer lines leave room for doubt. But the overall impression the poem makes is not metrical. Though meter is "legally" present, it doesn't help decipher the

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meaning or enhance what the text is saying, except as a faint background drumbeat.

The most engaging aspect of the poem is its story and its invention of a future. We're to imagine a globe that has exhausted its fossil fuels and metallic ores; an America with no central government but instead local dominions, falling into four categories—the Riots (lawless urban matriarchies with an idle, drug-addicted populace), the Burbs (middle-class communities enslaved to the Riots), certain Mad Counties (agrarian theocracies based on fundamentalist Christianity), and Free Counties ("independent Jeffersonian aristocratic democracies, where art, science, and the graces of human life are cultivated to their highest, as in classical Athens, Renaissance Florence, and Heian Japan"). I suppose it's this last group that Turner holds out as a hopeful alternative to our fears of the world that may be in store for us; otherwise, his portrait of the future is appalling, a sardonic exaggeration of some present-day ills.

OF COURSE Turner knows that his audience will identify with the Free Countians. When we read medieval romances, do we ever fail to assume that we would belong to the knightly classes rather than the peasantry of the world into which we fancifully transport ourselves? In the case of *The New World*, prospective Free Countians must be prepared to defend themselves with electronic swords and "resinite" shields, sometimes with lasers, and always with bodily agility and native cunning. The Mad Counties are known for proselytizing at swordpoint, and in fact, much of the poem is taken up with battles in the Mad Counties' latest jihad against the Free. Turner is no more compelling at the depiction of warfare than most other poets; and we may decide, as we glide along, to handle the battle scenes as we do the *Iliad*'s when we reread it. But Turner could have hardly dared to call his work an epic without them, and they play a creditable role in the unfolding narrative.

The central fable concerns a young hero named James Quincy and his efforts to regain his lost standing in one of the Free Counties of "Ahiah." The patrimony was lost when his father and mother migrated to "Hattan Riot," the gutted remainder of New York City. Young James's story begins at his father's shameful death in this sewer of drugs and anarchy. Most of the trappings of quest romance can be found in the narrative, at least if we are adept at recognizing archetypes. Example: the wise old centaur or mentor who sets the young hero on his path is, in this poem, an extra-large black sage named Kingfish, who speaks in a dialect not heard since the old *Amos & Andy Show*. Archetypes for Turner often take the form of stereotypes. James Quincy's Mercurial road companion turns out to be one Maury Edsel, a traveling salesman who, with his streetwise patter, white shoes, wiliness, and double knits, represents what some people think of as being typically Jewish. Here's some of "Skip's" speech:

> No shit. You're in a whole heap of trouble. Take my advice and go back. They won't mess with you here, but further out west it's a sick elephant's toilet.

This doesn't so much bring on future shock as a sense of banality. Turner had led us to expect more from the year 2376.

No romance can operate without a fair lady, and *The New World* offers us Ruth McCloud, a sturdy young lawyer and political candidate. It is through marrying her (after some trials of strength and wit) that young James wins back his status in Mohican County. But the marriage doesn't solve everything. A subtle but ruinous barrier separates them even in wedlock. During one of her campaigns Ruth encounters an old flame and—but this should be enough to give an idea of the plot of Turner's romance. It *is* a romance, not an epic. Not that the distinction actually makes a difference to any page-by-page reading of the text. The intrinsic value of the descriptions, character analyses, and battle scenes is in no way altered by the rubric placed over the poem.

Naturally anyone would like to be the author of an epic; but perhaps Turner's poem is more likable if we come to it without large-scale expectations. At some level he seems himself aware that he has written an entertainment in verse and not a great epic. During a narrative summary of Ruth's childhood we are given a list of literary works read out during fireside gatherings of the McCloud family. These are educated Free Countians, so small wonder that the names Homer, Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, and Milton are mentioned, along with some novelists and lyric poets. Even the 20th century is represented (by Yeats and James Merrill). But a fundamental honesty has prevented Frederick Turner from including, in this honor roll of great poets, his own name, and Ruth McCloud has to discover and achieve her destiny with no help, apparently, from *The New World*.

ALFRED CORN

Alfred Corn is the author of four books of poetry, the most recent *Notes from a Child of Paradise* (Viking).

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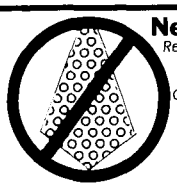

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HOSTAGE TO HISTORY

A Revolutionary Woman by Sheila Fugard

(George Braziller, 144 pp., $14.95)

Sheila Fugard's third novel, set in the South Africa of 1920, reminds us that in 65 years very little has changed in that country. Thus *A Revolutionary Woman* illuminates its larger concern: the nature of "revolution," a word not always synonymous with assertion or change.

Christina Ransome (a white, English-speaking teacher at a Coloured school) begins her backward-looking first-person narrative by returning home, as she does repeatedly throughout the novel—traveling to and from the racial turmoil of New Kimberly, the South African village in which she lives; and in memory, to and from a sojourn in India, where she spent time in one of Gandhi's ashrams. Her Indian persona is self-effacing; she surrenders herself both to Gandhi's cause and to her Indian lover, Sanjay Pillay (a Brahmin who believes in caste superiority and the taking of a child-bride "dedicated to the art of copulation"). Her South African persona, on the other hand, attempts to "hold out against the Goths and Vandals of history," to define a place at the center of her universe and create something new: racial and sexual equality. She succeeds, however, in embodying a very different sort of revolution: an endless repetition of past history.

As her timeworn narrative schematically unfolds, Ransome begins to speak of her Indian past in the continuous present tense, as she does of her South African present, so that the two blend—as do the 1920s and her future (the 1980s). Her life in South Africa is a "palimpsest"; it overwrites her Indian past as her narrative overwrites itself. Whole passages are repeated verbatim as a kind of poetic refrain, which serves only to accentuate the affected monotony of her prose—prose that mirrors Fugard's thematic obsession with repetition.

In India, Ransome miscarries Sanjay's child. When she returns to the Karoo, the South African semidesert, she fails to "produce" anything there either. Dismissed from her teaching post for political reasons, she remains in New Kimberly to tutor a gifted Coloured pupil named Ebrahim, whom she refers to as her "Untouchable son" but for whom she harbors a strong sexual attraction. Mesmerized by Ransome's description of Sanjay's child-bride, Ebrahim seduces—or in the eyes of the Boer community, rapes—and impregnates Sannie de Bruyn, the retarded white child of a respected Boer family. Ebrahim, whom Ransome has "unwittingly placed . . . in the role of Sanjay," seeks refuge from the Boers' mob justice in her home—now "occupied territory" (no longer a place apart from history, recent or ancient). He holds her hostage, and in a desperate moment rapes her. For all her teaching, Ebrahim—the second child she has miscarried—comes to embody the Vandals of history against whom she holds out at the beginning of the novel. As a final insult, rather than stand trial to help Ransome and her "liberal advocate" challenge the prejudice against miscegenation (which under the circumstances is surely a lost cause), he shoots himself. Ransome is left spiritually and emotionally bankrupt.

Since all the men in her life have betrayed her (even Gandhi, "with his promise of liberation," was only a mirage), "there is nothing left to say." History, the "author" of her destiny, has run out of lines for her to speak—and it seems she is incapable of writing any of her own. "I talk of the lives of others," she says at the start, "I am fertilized, but not fulfilled, and my life insists on its own voice." Deprived of this voice, Fugard's first-person narrator cannot establish her own identity, nor can she speak in other than the preestablished, unvaried rhythm that history (a less than stellar poet) has mandated: "There is no handprint; no ocher stain; no fragmented rock painting; no femur; no early ancestor. I stretch out my empty hands. I weep because I hold nothing." Although she claims to be a feminist, her narrative (which, like history, is about men) ends once Gandhi, Sanjay, and Ebrahim are out of the picture.

Ransome suggests finally that all history is "the chorus of a tragic play, whose theme is battle, and I am forced to listen"; that there is only one "plot" for South Africa and the world it represents, a plot that will endlessly repeat itself until women wrest control from the white male establishment. Yet the woman at the supposed center of Fugard's fable, having survived the carnage, convinces us not of her strength or her effectiveness, but only of her linguistic monotony and feverish sexuality, which itself sets off the chain of events that lead to Ebrahim's death. In the end, Christina Ransome does make her "revolution," her circular orbit around a male-centered universe. And it is to her incantatory harangue that *we* are "forced to listen."

JENNIFER KRAUSS

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

he applauded Mayor Barry, for his courage, no less. Even if the mayor's remarks had not been delayed seven weeks and had not been cajoled by the frantic imprecations of Jewish community bureaucrats, they could hardly be considered courageous. Note, moreover, that even the Barry quote Schwarz cites nowhere contains a direct reference to Farrakhan. Instead, it alludes to "some things . . . some speeches . . . some actions." Yes, "weaselly distancing," in my view, or at best humiliating tricksterism. If the rabbi deems this brave, I wonder what he deems cowardly. Nonetheless, I am glad to see that he has come around to the point of my comment, which was that less Jewish communal energy should be devoted to lining up black leaders against Farrakhan. What reality would it reflect if Christian leaders had to stampede Jewish leaders into disavowing Meir Kahane? Farrakhan is a black people's problem, and if their leaders don't repudiate him, he'll be their tragedy alone.

COMPROMISING POSITIONING

To the editors:

If the best way to handle Louis Farrakhan is, as Fred Barnes suggests ("Farrakhan Frenzy," October 28), the way the *Baltimore Sun* handled him—by keeping him off the front page—why did THE NEW REPUBLIC give him the cover?

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GUATEMALA DIARIST

The Name of the Volcano

ON THE FLIGHT to Miami, I read the State Department briefing book. It begins: "As the final step in the reestablishment of democracy in Guatemala, general elections will be held on November 3, 1985."

I AM WARMLY greeted at the Guatemala airport by representatives of Fundesa, a group of the country's most successful businessmen. They have invited about 25 Americans from Capitol Hill, academia, and the media to serve as unofficial election observers. Their hope is that we will see beyond Guatemala's reputation for being a nation kidnapped by a violent dictatorship. They want us to know that Guatemalans are doing all they can to solve their country's problems, and that they are making real progress. One reason Guatemala has such a reputation is the existence of the Mutual Support Group, a small human rights organization that claims 38,000 people have disappeared at the hands of the government since 1976. To win publicity for its demand that the government account for the missing, the group has occupied the Metropolitan Cathedral. As we gather that evening at the Fundesa suite in the hotel, someone suggests that the group is actually a front for Marxist guerrillas. Jaime Camhi, a textile plant owner and a Fundesa leader, says he disagrees. "But I do think [the occupation] is a communist tactic," he adds.

ON SATURDAY MORNING I get one of the Fundesa hostesses to give me a ride down to the headquarters of the Movement for National Liberation (MLN), a leading political party. When we arrive, the party's presidential candidate, Mario Sandoval Alarcon, is attending a Mass in a semi-open courtyard. About 100 poor or working-class people are leaning against the walls or crowded onto wooden benches. A cloud of sweet incense billows behind the young priest, and on either side of the altar behind him hang four-by-five-foot photographs. One is of Carlos Castillo Armas, the leader of the CIA-backed coup that overthrew the country's last elected civilian government in 1954. The other photo is of Sandoval; on it is a bumper sticker that reads "SUPPORT THE NICARAGUAN FREEDOM FIGHTERS." The MLN has long been pro-fascist, but its original motto, "The party of organized violence," has apparently been discarded. After the Mass, old women, young men, and small children crowd around Sandoval to hug him or shake his hand. One man hands him a furry pink good luck charm. On the way back to the hotel, we pass a military installation. It was here that Alberto Fuentes Mohr, a popular social democratic leader along the lines of Nicaragua's Arturo Cruz, was machine-gunned to death in the mid-morning traffic in March 1979.

ON SUNDAY, election day, we fly a chartered plane above the spectacular rugged countryside to an army landing strip in the northern highlands. In a nearby town we take pictures of the long lines of voters standing quietly, close together, quite still. We watch the tables where officials scrupulously follow the election procedures. We ask them if all is going smoothly, and they say yes. We fly to another town. We ask people if they're glad elections are being held, and they say yes. An earnest young conservative named Mark in our delegation is impressed by what he sees. He tells me the people he's talked to would not tell him who they were voting for or why. "That's the way it should be in a democracy," he says. I ask a group of young men sitting on a curb if they think they would have problems with local authorities if they didn't vote. They all nod, *si*. Mark tries to explain to them, as he has to me, that the fine for not voting is only one quetzal (about 30 cents). They smile shyly but say they have never heard of that law.

BACK AT THE hotel that night, John Silber, the president of Boston University and a member of the U.S. government delegation that will spend a total of 36 hours in the country, tells me that he thought the election was "magnificent." Soon we learn that Christian Democrat Vinicio Cerezo is assured of winning but will face a runoff in December because he has not won a majority. Sandoval is fourth among the eight candidates, with ten percent.

ON MONDAY MORNING I talk to a Social Democratic Party activist who tells me that 17 more party leaders were assassinated in the three months after the Fuentes Mohr assassination. The other leaders went into exile and did not return until this campaign was under way. He says that he and his colleagues risked their lives by campaigning openly, but they are satisfied with the five percent of the vote they won. "For us, everything is a gain." I leave him and go with a Democratic congressional aide to the cathedral. We climb the spiked gates around the church and knock on the huge wooden doors. About 75 people are scattered inside, including many children. Genara Lopez tells us her brother, a schoolteacher, and her uncle, a health inspector, were kidnapped on January 23, 1983, by a military commissioner in her hometown. She says she has since seen the commissioner several times and that he has warned her she will be the next.

ONE OF THE Fundesa women takes several of us from the delegation and several of her friends out to her family's weekend home on Lake Amatitlán near the capital. As we drink our beer at the edge of the water, choppy and sparkling in the late afternoon breeze, I recall a story that was well-covered by the Guatemalan papers a few years ago. The minister of the interior, Donaldo Alvarez, was widely suspected of running a kidnapping ring for personal profit. After he fled to Miami (where he reportedly now sells used cars), Guatemalans suspicious of his moonlighting activities stormed his home. A friend of Alvarez recognized a room in the basement as the cell where he had once been held for 45 days. While he sat in that cell, and while his family raised the ransom of hundreds of thousands of dollars, Alvarez had paid sympathetic visits to his family. He assured the man's relatives that his ministry and the government were doing all they could to solve the case, and that progress was being made. As I look at a gorgeous sunset above a tall mountain, I think again of the elections. Alvarez's former colleagues who remain in the government doubtless agree with the majority of my delegation that progress is being made. They too might say government officials are doing all they can. Someone points to the western horizon and asks, "What is the name of that volcano?"

J.M.

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"...great revolutions..." *"We know lots of revolutions, great revolutions, and magnificent people, who after taking over power, produced systems that were much worse than the ones they destroyed. We don't want to make this mistake. We will not."*

--Polish Solidarity leader Lech Walesa in a "Morning Edition" interview in Gdansk, Poland, with National Public Radio's European correspondent Neal Conan.

"I never share blame, I never share credit, and I never share desserts. It's just not my style."

--Beverly Sills, New York City Opera general director, in an interview on National Public Radio's "Morning Edition."

"Drunk they (the Russians) defeated Napoleon. Drunk they beat Hitler. Drunk they could win against NATO."

--Edward Luttwak, defense analyst and author of "The Pentagon and the Art of War," talking with National Public Radio's "Morning Edition" host Bob Edwards about Soviet military strength.

"We are so different, and yet, we are all one." *"I've never seen so many women, of so many different ages, colors, sizes and shapes, and I think it's amazing. We are so different, and yet, we are all one.*

--A delegate to the United Nations' World Conference on Women, talking with National Public Radio's "All Things Considered" co-host Susan Stamberg in Nairobi, Kenya.

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